

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1314.—August 7, 1869.

## CONTENTS.

|   |   |     |
|---|---|-----|
| 1. LOUIS XVII, . . . . .                                    | <i>Athenæum</i> , . . . . .             | 323 |
| 2. THE LIBERAL CATHOLICS OF GERMANY. Part II, . . . . .     | <i>Saturday Review</i> , . . . . .      | 329 |
| 3. A COUNTY FAMILY. Part III, . . . . .                     | <i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . . . .    | 332 |
| 4. SIR J. P. GRANT IN JAMAICA, . . . . .                    | <i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .            | 344 |
| 5. MR. DICKENS'S MORAL SERVICES TO LITERATURE, . . . . .    | <i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .            | 346 |
| 6. THE GERMAN FLEET, . . . . .                              | <i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .            | 348 |
| 7. THE CROWN AND NEW ZEALAND, . . . . .                     | <i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .            | 350 |
| 8. MOTHER MARGARET, . . . . .                               | <i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .            | 353 |
| 9. SOLA (attributed to Miss Thackeray) . . . . .            | <i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , . . . . .    | 356 |
| 10. CHILDREN'S LITERATURE OF THE LAST CENTURY, . . . . .    | <i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , . . . . . | 373 |
| 11. CHARLOTTE DE LA TREMOILLE, COUNTESS OF DERBY, . . . . . | <i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .            | 380 |
| 12. THE RATIONALE OF SOME EXCEPTIONAL GENDERS, . . . . .    | <i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .            | 382 |

## SHORT ARTICLES.

|  |     |                                 |     |
|--|-----|---------------------------------|-----|
| NAPHTHA ON THE CASPIAN SEA, . . . . .    | 328 | SNUFF BEFORE TOBACCO, . . . . . | 343 |
| AGE OF WRITINGS IN COMMON INK, . . . . . | 343 | SHOPKEEPING NATION, . . . . .   | 343 |
| CROPPING DOGS' EARS, . . . . .           | 243 |                                 |     |

## POETRY.

|                                      |     |                                   |     |
|--------------------------------------|-----|-----------------------------------|-----|
| SUNSET OFF THE AZORES, . . . . .     | 322 | A BLIND MAN'S FIRESIDE, . . . . . | 372 |
| THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW, . . . . . | 328 | ODE TO UTILITY, . . . . .         | 372 |
| NIAGARA, . . . . .                   | 328 |                                   |     |

## PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION AT THIS OFFICE:

**HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.** These very interesting and valuable sketches of Queen Caroline, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Chesterfield, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, The Young Chevalier, Pope, John Wesley, Commodore Anson, Bishop Berkeley, and other celebrated characters of the time of George II., several of which have already appeared in the *LIVING AGE*, reprinted from Blackwood's Magazine, will be issued from this office, in book form, as soon as completed.

**A COUNTY FAMILY**, by the author of "A Perfect Treasure."

## NEW BOOKS:

**LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, WITH A SECRET HISTORY OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, GATHERED "BEHIND THE SCENES IN RICHMOND."** Containing curious and extraordinary information of the Principal Southern Characters in the late war, in connection with President Davis, and in relation to the various intrigues of his administration. By EDWARD A. POLLARD, author of *The Lost Cause*, etc. Issued by subscription only. National Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

[This history has been kept back lest it should inflame prejudice against Jefferson Davis on his expected trial for treason. But as there seems no likelihood of a trial, the author now lifts the veil which shrouded "the most absolute and arrogant despotism."]

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the *LIVING AGE* will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor where we have to pay commission for forwarding the money.

Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 36 volumes, 90 dollars.

" " Second " " 20 " 50 "

" " Third " " 32 " 80 "

The Complete Work, 100 " 250 "

Any Volume Bound, 3 dollars; Unbound, 2 dollars. The sets, or volumes, will be sent at the expense of the publishers.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
SUNSET OFF THE AZORES.

Now under heaven all winds abated,  
The sea a settling and foamless floor,  
A sunset city is open-gated,  
Unfastened flashes a golden door;  
Cloud-walls asunder burst and brighten,  
Like melted metal in furnace blaze  
The lava rivers run through and lighten,  
The glory gathers before my gaze.

The great ship rests in her months of sailing,  
Is glad with rest as a living thing,  
Her fallen sails feel the south wind failing,  
And her keel the wave that is quieting.  
While all is given, till all is taken,  
Can I, who look from her deck, be dumb?  
O Spirit that dwells in my spirit, waken!  
I whisper the charm, and I say to you, Come!

Look up! most beautiful trembling daughter,  
Turn now thy timid and eager eyes,  
A perfect circle of sapphire water  
Quivers under the blue-built skies;  
Straight west light paves the level sea,  
Invites thy feet, and leads to where  
The blue is broken up for thee,  
And spoiled with sunset splendours there.

O Spirit of Song! arise, have pity  
On beauty that lives and dies alone,  
For no idle eyes in field or city  
Made bare, but maiden and all thine own;  
Alone along the sea and sky  
It burns, and pants, and palpitates —  
Too gracious art thou to deny  
The tender word for which it waits.

That blooming sunset, so travelling ever,  
At every horizon takes root, and grows,  
And opens, folds, and fades, yet never  
A mouth that kisses the kindling rose.  
But here are lips for all thy leaves:  
Even as this vessel on the sea,  
That slowly sways, and softly heaves,  
I rise, I rest, I float in thee.

The western heaven now like an ocean  
Is swept and stormy with weather wild,  
With reefs fire-foaming, in grand commotion  
The burning bergs are tossed and piled.  
The western sea like starriest skies  
With diamond lustre sparkles fast,  
One path of lavished light outvies  
The nebulous way, and flames at last.

The smoothing waters by winds forsaken  
Yet swell at heart, like a sobbing soul,  
That cannot, deeply and lately shaken,  
Yield all at once to a calm control:  
Though still in rolling downs they pass,  
Their surface, purged and pure of foam,  
Becomes that glory's faithful glass,  
A floor that mirrors all the dome.

O Sea! the kiss of the Sun, thy lover,  
Draws very near, but shall not be seen;  
Cloud-curtains, gold and crimson, cover  
The Sun, the king, and the Sea, the queen:  
They come together in secret rooms,  
And, woven out of a floating thread,  
The curious work of costly looms  
Is hung about their splendid bed.

Eastward, an isle, half sunken, sleeping,  
Crowns the sea with a bluer crest:  
Vine-clad Terceira! — but I am keeping  
A tryst to-night with the wondrous West.  
What there is wanting of purple islands,  
Lo! golden archipelagoes,  
Coasts silver-shining, and inner highlands,  
Long ranges rosy with sunny snows.

All glowing golds, all scarlets burning,  
All palest, tenderest, vanishing hues,  
All clouded colour and tinges turning,  
Enrich, divide the double blues: —  
O'erleaning cliffs, and crags gigantic,  
And in the heart of light one shore  
Such as, alas! no sea Atlantic  
To bless the voyager ever bore.

Behold! it groweth, the hanging garden,  
To a great and a goodly blossoming;  
All flowers hereafter must ask for pardon,  
One sunset blanches their colouring.  
Would I ever gather the sweetest rose?  
Could I dip one lily in yonder light,  
And heighten the cheek of its maiden snows  
With a blush half-way on the leaves as bright?

But strange with passion, and sad with yearning,  
With singing shaken, with effort weak,  
Song's lowered eyes to her lord are turning,  
Her faltering voice, and her altered cheek:  
She saith — "I lavish my slender treasure  
Of speech, shall silver avail with gold?  
Words as much as a mouth may measure  
With beauty as much as a heaven may hold."

Refrain! thou willing and singing Spirit,  
Come back to me, enter my soul and sleep.  
Did I deem thy feet or thy wings came near it,  
That went for a little way on the deep?  
Is the ocean sunset, the great sea-splendour  
Too far for thy feet, and too high for thy  
wing?  
Then nestle again on the heart of the sender,  
Too fondly loosed at a distant thing.

"Ah Love!" — she whispers — "I cannot sever  
So far from thy soul as that western sky:  
Could I gain it quite, I might come back never  
To the warm low place where I love to lie."  
Then, while the pageant with pomp amazing  
Passes us by in this lone sea-spot,  
Be still with me, hand in thy hand, and gazing,  
I shall see it all, though I say it not.

FREDERICK NAPIER BROOME.

From The Athenæum.  
LOUIS XVII.\*

On Wednesday, the 10th of June, 1795, just before sunset, a little coffin was borne out of the Temple, in Paris, under escort of two or three unconcerned officials and a few troops of the line; it was carried to the cemetery of the Church of St. Margaret, in the Faubourg St. Antoine. On that evening it was said in Paris that the son of Louis the Sixteenth had died in his prison. Groups of persons stood to see this humble funeral pass on its way. Individuals looked or commented upon it according to their political feelings. Some were supremely indifferent, some wore a serious air. "It's little Capet!" shrieked the *Faubouriennes*. Other women, who thought of the child and his mother more than of the faults of his father's government, shook their heads as with pity, and said to one another, "It's the young Dauphin!" The body was buried in the common trench of the cemetery, but the exact spot, unmarked, was subsequently forgotten, and could never be recognized. A report arose that the corpse was buried in a grave by itself; a second that it was secretly interred at Clamart. Two things are, however, certain. The Dauphin died in the Temple and was buried in St. Margaret's. Louis the Eighteenth gathered a few bones from the lime-stuffed trench of the Magdalen churchyard, in which the bodies of Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette lay, and he carried them in mournful pomp to St. Denis, as the remains of that unfortunate couple. St. Margaret's would have yielded a charnel-house of bones, but it would have been impossible to distinguish amongst them those of the Dauphin. So Louis the Eighteenth let the matter drop. The dust of the little "king" could not be conveyed to St. Denis; it still lies somewhere in the democratic quarter of St. Antoine.

Well, notwithstanding the thoroughly attested fact that the Dauphin never left the

Temple after he entered it a prisoner till his death, and that the Dauphin who died there was buried in the little churchyard of St. Margaret's, a variety of aspiring personages have denied both facts. Each of these claimed to be the true prince, and each looked on every counter-claimant as a sacrilegious impostor striving to pass himself off for the French Lord's Anointed. They are now all dead, but they are not all worth chronicling. Some of them have left heirs to their claims. Among the latter are William and Augustus Meves, who edit this book. They, perhaps, aim at a joint inheritance of the royalty which they derive from their supposed kingly sire. Some Eastern nations have two kings at a time — just as Brentford had — why should not France have two also, if she resolve (and what may *not* be resolved in France) on a restoration of the real Simon Pures of the Bourbons? Or one might take the magnificent reality, and the other the titular honour. Guillaume might be "Roi de France," and Auguste "Roi de Navarre." In this way, they might smell at the same nosegay, and be at peace — if rival "Dauphins" would only let them.

The successive Prince-Pretenders may be said to have come before the public periodically. About a year after "little Capet" was carried to the burying-ground of St. Margaret, the clever son of a tailor of St. Lo, one Hervagault, ran away from home and the shopboard, and successfully vagabondized as the son of an *émigré* noble. Prison and his sire's affliction could not touch the lad. He escaped again and again into the world, and played triumphantly any part he chose to assume — male or female. He would have been a first-rate actor, and the stage would have been proud of him, but he determined to go on the throne. In one of his imprisonments as a rogue and vagabond he imparted to his fellow-rogues in prison that he was the son of Louis the Sixteenth. "I beg you will not think of telling this to anybody," said his pseudo-Majesty; and, of course, the story went to the warders, thence to the world outside; and when the Pretender was himself released, he found as much recognition as Perkin Warbeck at his brightest time. Everybody who hated the Government did him

\* *The Authentic Historical Memoirs of Louis Charles, Prince Royal, Dauphin of France, Second Son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette: who, subsequently to October, 1793, personated through supposititious means, Augustus Meves. The Memoirs written by the veritable Louis XVII., and dedicated to the French Nation. The Compilation and Commentary by his two eldest sons, William and Augustus Meves. (Ridgway.)*

homage, and loaded him with good things. He was a handsome, clever rascal. "He is a tailor's son, and I want to make a tailor of him," said his poor, honest father. The knave was too much for the good man, and for the credulous dupes who believed the knave was a prince. After more prison discipline, Hervagault appeared in La Vendée. He took with him a portrait of the Dauphin and a mark in his leg made by the Pope as warrant of his quality. Royalists heaped kindnesses upon him, but "would his Majesty condescend to tell them —" His Majesty condescended accordingly. A good nurse in the Temple, seeing him so ill, had wrapt him in a bundle of linen, carried him out, and conveyed another child in! Since then, he had consorted with princes. England, Rome, Portugal, had recognized him. Princesses had sighed for him. The 18th Fructidor had been expressly got up for him. Its failure had brought him to the wandering condition in which they saw him. A weeping Marchioness asked him about the little fellow who had been put in his place in the Temple. "I am told," said the great comedian, "that he was the son of a very honest man, a tailor of St. Lo." The grosser he made the story, the more readily he was believed. He lived by it for years, and played his part, in or out of prison, in right royal fashion. Wealth was forced upon him, the whole country at last rang with his story, and the climax came when the ex-bishop of Viviers recognized him. Trial after trial proved who the pretender was, but the exposure only increased belief in him, and the pseudo-Dauphin's cells and tables were converted into regal appurtenances. This and much more was put an end to by his being again imprisoned as a common cheat. Fouché, or Bonaparte rather, kept the insinuating and plausible rascal in a dungeon till he was forgotten. Enfranchised, he tried the old game. At first, he experienced many disappointments, but his wonderful acting imposed on all. Various were his adventures, but they brought him into permanent trouble. Finally, he was shut up for life. His last words (in 1812) were a dignified assertion of his royalty. "Royalty!" said his old father, "Why his mother was my wife, Ni-

cole Bizot, and as honest a woman as ever lived."

Now, in 1812, when Hervagault died, there was a French deserter wandering about America, following various callings, and hinting at his being something very different from what he seemed. Three years later, hearing of the downfall of the Empire, he ventured to return to France, and he sailed from New Orleans with a passport in the name of Charles de Navarre.

After landing, he passed himself off on a poor widow as her long-lost son, and lived with her till she had nothing more to spend on him. He then made his way to Vezin, where he was identified, to his great disgust. He found that people had not forgotten Bruneau, the son of the *sabot* maker; a vagabond orphan boy whom the kinsfolk, who would have helped him, were obliged to turn out of doors. Like Hervagault, he had assumed, at first, only nobility. Times had been so confused, horrors so plentiful, and minds so agitated, that any romantic story might be true, and was hard to judge of. Bruneau's was so artfully told that an old Royalist Baroness received him as a long-absent nephew, and maintained him in that character till the truth was discovered, when the adventurer was expelled. His subsequent misery made him glad for a time to be a menial in the kitchen of the house where he had flattered it as one of the family. His fellows there, however, made the life of the voluntary Simmel intolerable. He disappeared, and took a turn at everything, except honest work. He was on the highway, in prison, a fugitive, an insurrectionist; but at length Bruneau was caught by the military law, which sent him into the marine artillery, from which, being on the American coast, he deserted in 1806. He returned to France, as we have said, in 1815. His own district would not hold the vagabond. He withdrew, went to Pont de Cé, entered the kitchen of the inn-keeper, Leclerc, who had been one of the cooks of Louis the Sixteenth, and expressed his wonder that M. Leclerc did not recognize him. "I am Louis the Seventeenth," he said, "and you have often pulled my ears in the kitchen of Versailles." "Did I?" said the inn-

keeper, "I will, at all events, kick you out of my own!" and forcible ejection followed. Ultimately, Bruneau made St. Malo his head-quarters, and there proclaimed his heirship to the throne. No two parts of his story held together, yet the dupes came in crowds, the ladies most abounding. Prayers were put up for him, a home was established for him, and a royal homage paid to him. The enthusiasm of the women, and some of them came from Paris, was the more astonishing, as Bruneau had none of the gentle, seductive ways of Hervagault. He was an impudent ruffian, with an ex-revolutionary priest and a forger for his secretaries;—secretaries who addressed letters from him to the poor Duchess of Angoulême, beginning with "Dear sister!" and ending with a request that she would "receive the embraces of her unfortunate brother the King of France and of Navarre."

While chief and secretaries were in prison they wrote the Memoir of the Life of the Dauphin, but the work came under the eye of another prisoner who had the critical faculty. His name was Branzou. He pronounced the Memoirs "trash," and not only re-wrote them, but taught Bruneau matter which enabled him the better to sustain his part. Women of all ranks, gentlemen of Normandy, farmers, abbés, were among the Pretender's warmest adherents and most substantial supporters. The Memoirs were forwarded to the Duchess of Angoulême, but neither Norman baron nor lady *de haut parage* could get access to her on such an errand. Affairs began to look unfavourable, but they were soon revived by their connexion with the political attempt (known as that of the 20th of March) to overturn the Government. People were told that if they would only rise there was a King at hand who would fix the maximum price of bread at three sous a pound! This attempt was as little profitable to Bruneau as that of the 18th Fructidor was to Hervagault. It led to a trial at which he was thoroughly identified, and where every word he uttered told against himself. As the evidence swelled against him his rage and filthiness of expletive went beyond all bounds. In a very hurricane of Bruneau's unclean passion the

Judge passed sentence upon him, and in the year 1818 the Pretender passed into a well-earned captivity which lasted as long as his life.

Louis the Eighteenth congratulated himself and his niece that he was now free from pretended nephews and the duchess from pretended brothers. They were mistaken. Not a month had elapsed after disposing of Bruneau, when the fanatic Martin of Gallardon declared that he had seen the real Dauphin in a vision; that the prince had declared that he was alive; and that if Louis the Eighteenth dared to go through the ceremony of a coronation, the roof of the cathedral at Rheims would fall on his head! The fat and infirm King never meant to be crowned, but he gave great importance to Martin by allowing the seer to deliver his message at the foot of the throne. The prophecy undoubtedly produced that "De Bourbon, Duc de Normandie," who revealed his greatness with such an air of truthfulness to Silvio Pellico, in their common prison at Milan. Of this Dauphin, however, nothing more was heard, save a report of his having been found murdered, in one of the valleys of Switzerland.

Martin of Gallardon was still prophesying in 1818, when Mr. Meves, a clever miniature-painter of his day, living in Shoreditch, ate of a too plentiful supper of craw-fish, and died soon after of indigestion. One paragraph of his will runs thus—"I leave to my *natural* reputed son, Augustus Antoine Cornelius Meves, born in the year 1785, . . . the half of all my property." Augustus, who is the hero of the volume before us, had never before heard himself thus designated, and he appealed to his mother, "Mrs. Meves," who was living apart from her husband. The lady, of whose marriage there is no record resented the imputation of illegitimacy with a *marry-come-up* sort of indignation. "You, my dear Augustus," she said, "are the fruit of lawful wedlock. You are not the son of the late Mr. Meves, nor are you my son; for you, Augustus, owe your existence to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. She was your mother, who, in your infancy, entrusted you to my care, and I have done more than

a mother's duty to you." When this revelation was made to Mr. Augustus Meves, he was thirty-three years of age—years of discretion! Nevertheless, he accepted the dignity, began to think over his early life, and to look for the downfall of his usurping uncle, who occupied the throne of France. Hitherto his career had been thoroughly well known, for he had been much before the public. Hummel had recognized his musical powers when a boy. Mrs. Cramer became one of his pupils; and when he made his first appearance, at a concert in Edinburgh, in 1805, under the name of Mr. Augustus, the papers declared that the young gentleman's "fine touch and exquisite execution could only be equalled by the great Mozart." This promising instrumentalist gave up teaching soon after his "reputed father's death," but he continued for many years to publish musical compositions, without any one imagining that he believed himself to be the lawful King of France. He, who was to have been a merchant, but whose taste made him a musician, was nothing less than King, in his own conceit, and he tried to confirm it by recalling the days of his childhood and youth. He had been told the old story: he had been smuggled out of the Temple in a bundle of linen. To take his place, a lady of many names—Miss Crowley, Marianne de Courville, Madame Chroeter, Madame Schroeder, Mrs. Schroeder Meves, and, finally, plain Mrs. Meves (a lady who had been in the service of Marie Antoinette)—had given up her own son, and had taken charge of Marie Antoinette's! But Miss Crowley, or by whatever other name she should be called, had a mother's feeling for her own boy, and procured his release also; how, or what became of him, the "Dauphin" could not tell; but he was quite sure of the fact—Mrs. Meves had told him so; and, moreover, that she had procured a deaf and dumb lad, son of an English charwoman named Dodd, who really died in the Temple in the character of Louis the Seventeenth!

No wonder the newly-revealed Dauphin was set a-thinking. In obedience to his "reflective powers," he recalled his early days. He saw himself in a gloomy stone building, and he seemed to remember having been taken from it by his "reputed father;" but some of his unbelieving "reputed" relatives remarked that the first school at which he had been a pupil had formerly been the county prison, and the reminiscence might be thus explained. His Highness further remembered that, having taken "a course of medicine" in 1809, it

had so cleared his memory that he could recall a grand water procession, which he tells us, must have been the obsequies of Voltaire. "It must have been the regatta on the Thames which we saw from the Apollo Tea Gardens at Vauxhall," was the sensible comment of his obstinate "reputed" uncle. Augustus even recollects being at the Argyle Rooms, in Regent Street, in 1815,—which is a wonderful feat of memory, seeing that that portion of Regent Street was not then completed. Again, when in Paris, Talma used to send him orders to see him "perform with Mdlle. *Deschendis*," in which name the reputed prince casts away all identity of Mdlle. Duchesnois. He speaks moreover, of *L'Ambigue* and spells *Sèrres* without the "r," and records his frequenting the *Anti-Gallician* coffee-house in London, and chronicles a visit to the "grave of Marshal Ney, in the gardens of the *Luxembourg*!" His candour, however, is praiseworthy. He does not omit to record the fact that, soon after his "reputed father's death," Dr. Tuthill, of Soho Square was called in, "who directed that I should be taken to a private lodging." When he recovered, a sensible friend, a Miss Powell, advised him not to let his brains go wool-gathering. Augustus then did a sensible thing, by asking his uncle, George Meves, once a grocer, then a retired valet, living in Long Acre, for his opinion on the greatness thrust upon by his mother. The uncle, also a sensible person, did not believe a word of the lady's story. He speaks of her as "Your mother, Miss Crowley." His brother, he says, "*might* have married her," the uncle could not tell; he "knew very little of their proceedings." This was discouraging for the "Dauphin." His father called him in the paternal will, his natural son. His uncle did not know whether Miss Crowley and Mr. Meves were married or not. The lady seems to have been piqued rather rashly into the assertion that Augustus was not their son, but born in lawful wedlock, of the King and Queen of France. The assertion of an angry woman tends to show that papa Meves told the truth in his will, and that uncle George had a very fair idea as to how matters stood.

Nothing could persuade this unnatural uncle that his nephew was a prince. Frenchmen in taverns in the Strand recognized Augustus at a glance. Leicester Square Gauls offered to put him on the throne of France, and one enthusiastic person thought he was paying him a compliment by saying, "Sir, if you are not the Dauphin, I really believe he must have died in the Temple." After the Revolution of 1830, on the arrival

of the Duchess of Angoulême, in England, Augustus Meves assailed her with fraternal notes; and when he told his uncle of his intention to visit his royal sister at Holyrood, Uncle George sent a man to bleed him, and then shut him up for a time out of harm's way.

Meanwhile, Dauphins were getting as "plenty as blackberries." One of them, who flashed out for a time and intended mischief to Louis Philippe, was the Baron de Richemont, whose real name was Herbert. Rich old legitimist ladies swore by a man who had on his body, as all the pretenders of course had, the several marks and scars which were known to have been on the body of the true prince. The law at last laid hold of the Baron, who was condemned to twelve years' imprisonment. The most comic incident of this trial was the appearance of an envoy, named Morin de St. Didier, bearing a letter from a genuine Dauphin, then in Paris, denouncing the Baron as an impostor in a double sense, since he claimed to be the "Duc de Normandie" who had revealed himself to Silvio Pellico. "The sky rains heirs to the throne of France!" cried laughing auditors. "In the skies or on the earth," said M. de St. Didier, "there can be but one true heir," and the envoy intimated that he had the genuine unadulterated article in his keeping. And truly, there might be seen in legitimist circles in Paris, a pale, quiet, gentleman-like man, with something of a Bourbon expression of feature, and a gravely reiterated persistence that he was the true King of France. He had, like all the pseudo-dauphins, the marks on his body which the poor, true, little prince had on his. There was the old theory of escape, and this claimant did not conceal what was soon found out, namely, that he had been in various localities in Germany and Switzerland practising watch-making, and bearing the name of Nündorf. A Dauphin with a strong German accent was not likely to succeed. Nündorf compelled by the police to leave France, found refuge in England, and as an especial merry fortune would have it, he one day found himself face to face with Meves in a room where both were airing their pretensions. The meeting of the two Sosias, of the two Amphitryons, the two Dromios, or the two Antipholi, was nothing compared to this encounter. The rivals produced their respective proofs, but neither would yield the throne of France to the other. They parted, each with the conviction that the other was an impostor, and it is probable that, saving delusion, both were right

in their conclusions. Nündorf was much better known to the English public than Meves. The "Duke of Normandy" was to be seen in the park. He pursued some scientific labours relating to shells and artillery at Chelsea, and Camberwell. He was once shot at, according to his own report, which was a satisfactory proof that somebody wanted to get rid of him; and when his daughter and their royal family's housemaid had a squabble in presence of a police-magistrate, the former announced herself as the Princess Elize de Bourbon. Nündorf was none the nearer the throne. The people stared at the "Princess Elize de Bourbon," as they did at that other aspiring lady, the "Princess Olive of Cumberland." Then came a collapse, and the "Duke of Normandy," with his "Duchess," the untaught daughter of a Prussian corporal, and their family, crossed into Holland. Nündorf died at Delft in 1841. Of his ability there can be as little doubt as of his impudence. He deluded many to believe in him, and he lived by their credulity. His well-meditated story was so closely knit together that the sons of Augustus Meves, who believe their father to have been the genuine Dauphin, are inclined to accept Nündorf for the supposed Augustus Meves who, they say, took the real prince's place in the Temple!

When Nündorf died, Meves was left alone in his glory, or in the assertion of it. But there came a voice from beyond the Atlantic, and it was that of another Dauphin! This time the prince had been spirited over the ocean to the Indians, among whom, at a later date, the Prince de Joinville did not recognize him, though "Louis the Seventeenth" protested to the contrary. The amused American people looked this trans-Atlantic pretender in the face, and they said, substantially, "You Louis Charles, Dauphin of France! You're a skunk, a Tuscarara, a Caughnawaga! half Indian half Yankee, half horse and a good deal of the alligator. You're the Rev. Eleazer Williams!" and they thought he had about as much claim to be Pontifex Maximus as to be heir of the line of Capet. The self-deluded half-Indian missionary died off, like his predecessors, but Meves-Dauphin held on, and asserted his dignity till one May-day, 1859, when "he went out in his usual cheerful spirits about 11 o'clock, and at about 2 o'clock, being within two miles of home, and being unwell, he entered a cab—a very unusual thing for him, and during its transit his soul passed into eternity." In 1862 a debate took place at Wyld's Rooms, Leicester Square,

to determine whether the soul which thus passed from the cab to its ultimate destination was or was not the soul which had tabernacled in the Dauphin's body. As far as our memory serves us, no conclusion was arrived at.

The sons of this claimant, however, believe in his claim. All the claiming Dauphins have published their lives, and the Messrs. Meves have added their father's autobiography and their comments upon it, to what may be called the Dauphin litera-

ture: and a singular literature it is, taking all the lives together. The editors of this volume ask for a verdict from those who examine it. To a request put in all seriousness, we can only reply, that of all the pretenders the case of Mr. Meves is the weakest. His sons thought themselves constrained to publish his statements: they would have been more usefully engaged if they had published his "Sonata," dedicated to Cramer, or his rondo, called "L'Aline."

#### THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

THERE's a checkmate universal

In this blind old world of ours,  
The earth has lost its vigour,  
Men's brains have lost their powers.

Alas! for the young fruits blighted,  
And the flowers that cannot bloom!  
Alas! for the lack of air and of sun,  
Alas! for the lowering gloom.

Alas! for the thirsty barrens,  
And the moors that yield no corn!  
Alas! for the lingering harvests,  
And the still delaying morn!

By millions starve the beggars  
Around the untilled downs,  
And the orphans weep in the alleys  
Of the rich and sumptuous towns.

There's a checkmate universal,  
In this deaf old world of ours,  
The earth has lost its vigour,  
Men's brains have lost their powers.

Yet I hear an angel crying,  
"Away to the Virgin Land,  
Away to the boundless prairie,  
Fresh from God's shaping hand."

And I see the Eastern sunbeams  
Point to the broad free West,  
And I watch the sea birds leading  
To the golden realms of rest.

There's a checkmate universal,  
In this dumb old world of ours,  
The earth has lost its vigour,  
Men's brains have lost their powers.

Yet I know the flowering prairies  
Shall soon roll with the ripening grain,  
And the merry streams flow lavish  
Over the desert plain.

Break up old types, my brothers,  
Pave roads with Pharaoh's bones,  
Hew from the pyramids of the Past  
The Future's temple stones.

All the Year Round.

#### NIAGARA.

These lines were written by Lord Morpeth, now Earl of Carlisle, in the Guide Book at the Falls.

THERE's nothing great or bright, thou glorious fall,

Thou may'st not to the fancy's sense recall —  
The thunder-riven cloud, the lightning's leap,  
The stirring of the chambers of the deep;  
Earth's emerald green, and many-tinted dyes,  
The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies;  
The tread of armies thickening as they come,  
The boom of cannon and the beat of drum;  
The brow of beauty and the form of grace,  
The passion and the prowess of our race;  
The song of Homer in its loftiest hour,  
The unresisted sweep of Roman power,  
Britania's trident on the azure sea,  
America's young shout of liberty!  
O, may the wars that madden in thy deeps  
There spend their rage, nor climb the encircling steep;

And, till the conflict of thy surges cease,  
The Nations on thy bank repose in peace.

A PHENOMENON of a most extraordinary nature has lately been witnessed by the inhabitants of the borders of the Caspian Sea. This huge salt lake is dotted with numerous islands which produce yearly a large quantity of naphtha, and it is no uncommon occurrence for fires to break out in the works and burn for many days before they can be extinguished. Early last month, owing to some subterraneous disturbances, enormous quantities of this inflammable substance were projected from the naphtha wells, and spread over the entire surface of the water, and becoming ignited, notwithstanding every precaution, converted the whole sea into the semblance of a gigantic flaming punch bowl, many thousands of square miles in extent. The fire burnt itself out in about forty-eight hours, leaving the surface strewn with the dead bodies of innumerable fishes. Herodotus mentions a tradition that the same phenomenon was once before observed by the tribes inhabiting the shores of the Caspian Sea.

From The Saturday Review.  
THE LIBERAL CATHOLICS OF GERMANY.

We have lately given our readers an account of some remarkable articles which appeared three months ago in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* on the subject of the approaching Ecumenical Council. The writer explained with admirable clearness and precision the programme of the Ultramontane party, as it may be gathered from their chosen organ, the Roman *Civiltà*, and the inevitable results of their anticipated triumph. But he implied throughout that this triumph could not be achieved without strenuous opposition, though it seemed as if the weight of authority would preponderate on the side of the extreme Romanizers; and he especially insisted that the great body of German Catholics would feel such a result of the Council as an outrage on their deepest convictions of truth. No one who has any acquaintance with the recent intellectual history of Germany, and the present position of rival schools of religious thought in that country, could doubt that he was right. Between the leading minds of German Catholicism and those whose policy is represented by the Congregation of the Index, and freely uttered in the columns of the *Civiltà*, there is a great gulf fixed. But for a long time past the large party of what, for want of a better name, we may call without offence Liberal Catholics, have, with individual exceptions here and there which stand out in honourable isolation, been slow to give open utterance to their thoughts. They seem to have felt that it was almost hopeless, in the present temper of the dominant section of their co-religionists, to attempt to gain a hearing, and they have probably been confirmed in that impression by the torrent of rabid abuse which has overwhelmed the bolder few who have dared to call their souls their own. It was obvious, however, that, as a question of prudence, this reticence must have its limits, unless Catholicism and Ultramontanism were to be suffered to become convertible terms. Another proclamation of the Council, followed up as it has been by open-mouthed announcements of the uses to which they wished to put it, from those who are supposed to have the Pope's ear, constitutes a crisis whereby the thoughts of many hearts seem likely to be revealed. At all events, the statements of the writer in the *Allgemeine*, already referred to, as to the mental attitude of his Catholic countrymen, have already received a striking confirmation in the columns of the same journal. A long address to the Bishop of Trèves, issued by a body of "orthodox but educated Cath-

olics" at Coblenz, which is being largely signed by laymen of character and position in the diocese, is now before us. It contains, on the one hand, a vigorous protest against the leading principles of Ultramontane theology, while, on the other hand, it is an indignant assertion of the equal claims of the protesters to be regarded as good Catholics with those who are never weary of stigmatizing them as virtual apostates from the faith. Considering how very seldom any other aspect of Roman Catholic opinion is openly exhibited in this country than that of which Archbishop Manning and the *Dublin Review* are representatives, our readers may be interested to hear something of the views of a very different school as embodied in a document which they have themselves put before the world. There are of course many Englishmen to whom Popery is Popery, and who cannot see much difference between one Papist and another. But to those who look a little further below the surface of things than Mr. Colquhoun and Lord Shaftesbury, the contrast between such a belief as that expressed in the address of the Catholics of Trèves, and the current theology of Roman Catholic periodicals — for they are all now in the hands of the same party — in England, will probably appear not undeserving of notice.

The address opens by assuring the Bishop of the profound sense of conscientious duty which has constrained the subscribers to make this public declaration of their sentiments, and the more so as he had observed in a recent Pastoral that, while bishops alone would have, as successors of the Apostles, the right of voting in the Council, all members of the Church, laity as well as clergy, would have a claim to be heard, and their experience and judgment would naturally exercise a weighty influence on its decisions. There is, they add, a considerable party in the Church whose leaders are not bishops, but laymen and members of religious orders, who are straining every nerve to give the future Council a particular direction after their own mind. And these men not only identify their own wishes and pet theories with the faith and needs of the Church, but denounce all who decline to accept their opinions as dogmas as "Liberal," in contradiction to "real" (*eigentlichen*), Catholics. They have an organ in the Roman *Civiltà Cattolica* where they ventilate their views, which are again copied thence into the newspapers conducted by members of religious orders in Germany. The passage we quoted from the *Civiltà* in a former article is then given, stating the desire of all true Catholics for the definition

of Papal infallibility and the bodily assumption of the Virgin. And they point out that the importance of these statements lies in the fact of their occurring, not in an ordinary and unofficial newspaper, but in what claims to be a special organ of the Holy See, and is known to express the aims of a great and powerful organization (the Jesuits). Under such circumstances, it would be impossible for those who believe themselves to be no less true children of the Church than their opponents to pass over in silence the proclamation of principles which they regard as erroneous and fraught with the gravest danger. They feel bound to come forward and solemnly assure their Bishop that they "do not share these views, hopes, and wishes of the self-styled true Catholics; on the contrary, they are most decisively opposed to them." Their gratitude to the Holy Father for summoning the Council rests on very different grounds, which they proceed to explain. On looking, they observe, at the present condition of Christendom, we do not see the upgrowth of any specific heresy such as led earlier Councils to define the doctrine of the Church. The infidelity of our own day rests on the philosophical opinions, the falsehood of which has long since been clearly shown by reference to the great Christian verities, and union with our divided Christian brethren would hardly be facilitated by increasing the number of doctrinal definitions which divide us. The needs of our own time are of a different sort, and the inexhaustible resources of the Church are equal to coping with them. They are such as these — "the liberation of the Church from State control; the restoration of an independent and harmonious movement of the two orders (natural and supernatural) in which, according to God's will, the life of man develops itself; the organic regulation of the part to be taken by the faithful in matters of Church life; the reconciliation of our separated brethren to the Church; the overcoming of social distress; the ascertainment of the true attitude of the clergy and of individual Christians to general cultivation and to science"; these are the crying religious needs of the present, and we look, add the memorialists, for a solution to a Council inspired by the intelligence of the whole Church, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. It will hardly be possible for the General Council to enter on all these points; much must be left for the separate branches of the Church to develop for themselves. But it would be a matter of sincere congratulation if the Council should give new life to the common organization of the

Church by restoring everywhere the regular action of national, provincial, and diocesan synods which has lain in abeyance for centuries. Such synods, when their decrees have been based on free and searching deliberations, and adapted to the requirements of real life, have always been most serviceable to the interests of the Church.

If we turn to the relations of Church and State, and the conditions of modern society, it seems to the framers of the Address to be of the last importance, for the freedom and independence of the Church, that the Council should unmistakably proclaim her sincere abandonment of all desire for a return to mediæval systems. The State, no doubt, has a religious basis, for all authority is based on the recognition of a living personal God, but its sphere is limited by the obligations of the natural and moral law; and that State is most truly Christian which accepts the limitations, and gives full liberty and protection in spiritual matters to the Church and the separated religious bodies which are content to respect its authority within its own domain. The Address proceeds to notice the relations of clergy and laity, and strongly deprecates any weakening of the bond of sympathy between them based on a common education. This is of course a protest against the policy of the German Jesuits in substituting theological seminaries for the training of the Universities. "A narrowing of theological education, and exclusion of theologians from the studies which lead to the original sources of faith and Church development, would be a grievous injury to the ecclesiastical culture and life." These matters are best left to the jurisdiction of national synods. The dangers which threaten the Church from the side of infidelity and the social necessities of the time are an urgent call for the closest union between pastors and their flocks, and hence "an organic association of the laity with the Christian and social life of their parish" is imperatively required. These considerations are strengthened by a reference to the ardent desire which animates the Pope, the Episcopate, and all the faithful, especially in Germany, for the reunion of the Protestant Confessions with the Church. For this desire can never be realized till the most decided steps are taken to disabuse Protestants of the prejudices and mistrust they feel towards their Catholic brethren. And, it is urged, how many of their prejudices would vanish if they saw the Church again quickened by a true corporate life, meeting the social wants of Christendom, and thus learnt to forget their suspicions of a grasping and ty-

ranical hierarchy seeking dominion over the purses and the souls of its people.

The Address here turns to "another weighty question," namely, the *Index Librorum prohibitorum*, and the attitude of the modern Church towards intellect. It is fully admitted that the ecclesiastical authorities have the duty of watching over purity of faith; but then it is added that the present practice of the Index in putting books supposed to contain some error into a condemned catalogue, and forbidding the faithful to read them without express permission, in no wise subserves that duty, while it is consistent neither with the dignity of the Church nor with the advance of knowledge. It wholly fails of its purpose, because it is wholly impossible to classify *all* erroneous writings, the censure depending on the accident of somebody denouncing them; because the authors or books are condemned without specifying the particular error, so that no one is the wiser for the sentence; and, lastly, because the great majority of educated Catholics, as is notorious, neither can nor do pay any attention to it. It is inconsistent with the dignity and spirit of the Church, because good Catholics who, with the best intentions, have unwittingly fallen into some error, or have given offence at Rome without any error at all, are put into the same category with authors of the most scandalous works, and branded with a stigma, while they really deserve the thanks both of the Church and science. It is injurious to the advance of knowledge, because the fear of having one's good name blasted by condemnation for some accidental slip, or perhaps through the officiousness of a theological opponent, presses like a leaden weight on the investigations of Catholic students. These objections might of course be copiously illustrated from the recent history of German literature, but the memorialists wisely confine themselves to a general statement of principles, adding, "We therefore entertain the hope that the approaching General Council will abolish the *Index*." The Address concludes in the following words:—

These are the wishes our conscience constrains us to express. We think they have as good a claim to be heard as those of the other party. A sense of duty has led us to come forward with our names, quickened, on the one hand, by perceiving the wide-spread disgust excited in Catholic circles by the utterances of the *Civiltà*; on the other, by the deplorable timidity which keeps so many silent who ought to speak out. The

unhappy schism of the sixteenth century was immediately preceded by a General Council, without its exercising any favourable influence on the result. If the Christian peoples of our own day are really to be won to the Church by this Council, the teaching and ruling Church must not be left to rest on the magisterial and one-sided *dicta* of a party, but be thoroughly informed as to the true state of men's minds by open and clear avowals, and thus put in a position to meet the real requirements of the time. And we, who, as true sons of the Church, are resolved to live and die in communion with her and the See of Rome, which is our centre, and in filial obedience to your Lordship as our Bishop, have felt it a sacred duty to contribute to the best of our ability towards this end.

It is not necessary to offer any long comments of our own on this remarkable document. Our main object has been to bring under the notice of our readers a powerful and growing phase of Roman Catholic opinion, which to many of those who are not familiar with the subject will perhaps be new. That the present Address emanates from only one diocese is true, but there can be no doubt that it strikes a chord which will reverberate through Catholic Germany, and find a response in the convictions of a large portion, probably a large majority of the clergy, though, for obvious reasons of prudence, it is only signed by laymen. Two things will occur to every reader on the surface of the document—its studied moderation of tone, and the incisive clearness with which it negatives all the characteristic points of the Ultramontane programme. That the party of the *Civiltà* will be able to carry through their policy at the Council in the face of so strenuous and intelligent an opposition, supposing—as there seems good reason to suppose—that the German bishops are in harmony, as a body, with the sentiments of their people, is hardly conceivable. In any case it would be difficult to overrate the significance, for the future of the Roman Catholic Church, of the trial of strength which is imminent between the two parties within her pale. At a critical moment in her history Ultramontanism has put forward its extremest pretensions with a hitherto unexampled audacity, and with the avowed object of enforcing them on infallible authority upon all who profess her creed. Should the attempt be foiled, it must be long indeed before the party can recover from the effects of what could only escape being a fatal blunder by proving itself a success.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE SHADOW IN THE SUNSHINE.

THE evening passed away without any further reference on Mr. Moffat's part to the subject which had so embarrassed his host; but he had already sown the seed of disquiet in the latter's breast. Anthony Blackburn could not but have expected that his confidential man of business must needs, sooner or later, have put to him so pregnant a question—it was clearly necessary that he should convince himself of the existence or demise of his client's only son—and yet he had found himself quite unprepared to answer it. He was conscious that he had hesitated in his reply, and felt that he might very possibly have aroused suspicion; and all the time his grand-daughter was singing, and while his fingers seemed to move in accord with her tunes, he was reproaching himself with his want of readiness, and devising plans for setting the lawyer's doubts at rest. He could never suffer him to leave the house with this idea of something amiss upon his mind, to grow and grow, until perhaps it took some monstrous shape, as bad as the reality itself. Accordingly, when the lawyer rose to take his leave, his host insisted upon his having brandy and water and a cigar, in what was called "the Squire's Room," a cosy chamber, decorated after the family fashion with portraits of horse and hound, the possession of which had at various periods dignified the Blackburn race. Stuffed fish of portentous size, that had fallen victims to brother Richard's rod and landing-net, adorned the walls; the bell-ropes were fox brushes earned by Ferdinand; and on the mantle-piece was a mighty drinking-horn with a silver edge, the contents of which Charles had been wont to empty at a draught before being helped to bed. The window of this apartment was at the back of the house, and opened upon a portion of the stable-yard; and in times not very remote, the diversion of cock-fighting had been carried on outside, while the inmates sat at ease, as in an operabox, and wagered, pipe in mouth, upon the result of the conflict. Perhaps, upon the whole, it was of all the rooms in the house the one most redolent of the family fragrance; and when the door opened at Anthony's touch, a crowd of memories seemed to come forth to greet him, which, although by no means hallowed, had a certain impressiveness; for all these jolly spotsmen, dicers, drinkers that he had known or heard of, had been his kith and kin, and were now dead.

"It was in this room, Moffat, that I

tasted my first whiff of tobacco," quoth Anthony, gazing earnestly around. "My father filled the pipe, and laughed till he cried, when the fumes made me ill. It seems but yesterday! How well I remember that old print yonder of the prize-fight! One of the men is Mendoza; and that old fellow with the lady is Old Q. at ninety years of age with his nurse. Old Q. was Queensberry, you know."

"Yes, yes," said the lawyer; "the Duke, of course. He was quite childish for years before his death."

"Ah," said Anthony suddenly, "that reminds me, Moffat, it is a thing that may happen to either one of us in a year or two, for we are not young men; and I wish to provide at once against it.—Here, mix your liquor for yourself, and take a cigar, and let us have a quiet chat together about business.—I wish to make—to give you instructions about my will."

"Your will, sir? I hope it may be many years"—(The Squire motioned with his hand impatiently.)—"But there, as you would say, it is well to provide against the worst, and while we are in health, to do those things, which, being undone, may make sickness an anxious time."

"My father, as I understood," said the old Squire thoughtfully, puffing at his cigar, "placed my name in his will without putting it into the entail at all."

"Just so, sir. He left, failing your brothers and their heirs, the whole estate to you absolutely and at your own disposal."

"No thanks to him, sir," exclaimed Anthony hotly. "I've no more gratitude for what he did than he felt towards the fox whose brush gave him yonder bell-handle. Why should I?"

"Well, certainly your father little thought that you would ever be the Squire here, when he made that will, sir; and, by-the-by, his instructions for it were given singularly enough in this very room. My uncle told me all about it, when he came home that day—and vexed enough he was that matters had turned out so, for, like myself, he had always wished you well."

"Never mind his wishes, Mr. Moffat; let me know what he said about the will."

"Nay, there was not much to tell, sir. I know, of course, how bitter your father was against you, and how resolved to cut you off. But still I thought there might be some remembrance—a legacy or something—and it gave me quite a shock sir, it did, upon my sacred word and honour, when my uncle Robert told me what had happened. Mr. Ferdinand, you see, was but a lad at the time; and your other bro-

thers mere children; and it seemed so certain that if one died the others would live—and then their children—why, your chance seemed out of the question altogether. 'I wish,' said your father, 'to make an eldest son of Ferdinand, and to leave the Manor in entail to him and his heirs; and they failing, I would do the same with Charles, and then with Richard.' Well, you remember how bad your father was to cross; so my uncle said nothing about you at that moment, but entered into the affair of your younger brothers' portions, in case Ferdinand and his heirs succeeded; and then, when that was settled—they were to have the Mosedale property between them, which has now, by-the-bye, become more valuable than all the rest—and yet no word was spoken about yourself, my uncle ventured to say: 'And what do you wish done about your son Anthony?'

"Yes; now, what did he reply?" asked the Squire earnestly. "Tell me the truth, Moffat, though I know it will be a bitter morsel."

"He said that he 'wished nothing done, and that he had no son Anthony.'"

"He said that, did he?" observed the Squire between his teeth. "Well, I had no father, then.—Go on."

"Then my uncle Robert spoke of some money that happened to be lying in the banker's hands—a loose thousand or two; altogether, perhaps fifteen hundred pounds—and mentioned that he had heard of you of late as being very ill off, and since this sum was not appropriated—But your father burst in with his 'No, sir, no;' and there was an end of that."

"But how, then, came my name to appear in the will at all?"

"It was your mother's doing, sir: she begged and prayed that it should not be left out altogether; and since it looked as though it did not matter a pin's point, your name was put in last, to comfort her. 'And if he gets it, wife,' said Squire Russell, with a wink at my uncle, 'he shall have the Manor for his own, to leave it to whom he pleases;' whereupon she thanked him with tears, thinking, poor soul, that he was really doing you a kindness. And indeed, as it has turned out, he was; for although, in any case, you must have succeeded to the estate, as your late nephew's heir-at-law, you might not have found it solely at your own disposal."

"Which it now is, of course?"

"Most certainly it is, sir; and a very fine property it has of late become. Your income, thanks to the growth of Mosedale, is at least thrice what your father's was—

and, if I may venture to advise, it is out of that portion of the estate that any provision you may please to make for Miss Ellen should come, leaving the Manor lands to descend as a matter of course."

Anthony held up his finger. "I wish my grand-daughter, Ellen, to inherit Blackburn Manor and all the lands about," said he with grave distinctness. "She will be my sole heiress, Mr. Moffat."

"But your son, sir?" ejaculated the lawyer with profound astonishment.

"I shall see that my son, William Blackburn, is provided for according to his deserts, out of the Mosedale lands. Your own suggestion, in fact, is to be adopted, with a change of names; and you will come tomorrow and lay the whole matter clearly before me; but in the meantime I wished you to labour under no misconception, not even for a single day, concerning my intentions for the future. Do you understand them?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Well, that is enough for to-night then; we will speak of details at a more seasonable time.—If you will really not take another glass, I will ring for your horse."

The lawyer had not recovered from his surprise even when he found himself in the open air and on the back of his own sober gray. "Is there never again to be a Blackburn at the Manor-house?" muttered he. "Are Squire and son for ever to quarrel? And yet these two cannot have had so serious a breach as I at first imagined, else the old man would not be so well-intentioned towards him. But to have this young girl to be his heiress, who has herself so much sweetness and beauty, is to make her the best match in all the county!" And the lawyer, who, although so keen at his trade, was a very old woman for matchmaking and gossip, began to reckon up in his mind all the local magnates who had sons to enter for so desirable a prize, and hugged himself with the possession of the great news that he should be first to spread.

Thus Anthony Blackburn had succeeded to his heart's content in putting to rest his guest's suspicions, and sent him away precisely in the frame of mind in which he would have had him to be. Yet the old man sat long alone after the lawyer had departed, with moody and dissatisfied face, and though he drank glass after glass of the strong liquor, it failed to cheer him. At last, with not an altogether steady step, he sought his bedchamber, and finding his wife seated at an escritoire, inquired of her, in no distinct nor amiable accents, what was keeping her up so late.

"I was writing the letter, Anthony," she said simply.

It may seem strange that an occupation of so ordinary a kind should have engaged a lady from ten o'clock until after midnight, but the fact was that epistolary composition was not an art in which Mrs. Blackburn was a proficient, and the sheet of paper before her had only just been folded, and was being placed in its envelope, when her husband appeared. He staggered across the room, and looked over her shoulder at the address, which, with her head aside, her lips projected, and her eyes in apparent astonishment at the success which crowned her efforts, she was in the act of completing. "You might have saved yourself this trouble," said he doggedly: "that letter must not be sent."

"Not be sent, Anthony!" ejaculated she with sudden pallor. "Why, you promised me that so soon as we got here, I might write to tell him! It is what I have looked forward to above all else."

"I cannot help it, Mary," answered the Squire, moved by his wife's disappointed tone; "and I am truly sorry for your sake. But I have been thinking of the whole matter for these last two hours, and it will never do to let him know—that is, not yet. He would be coming down upon us here post-haste, and spoiling all at once."

"Spoiling all?" repeated Mrs. Blackburn.

"You need not mock my words, woman, like an echo, replied the Squire, endeavouring to lash himself into a passion, which his genuine affection for his wife rendered very difficult: "there can be no doubt of what I mean. Shall we not find it hard work enough to win our way here among our equals, without being hampered with such a clog as he?"

"A clog, Anthony, your own and only son!"

"Ay, would he were not: he is a taint in my blood, a disgrace to me, who begat him; to you, who bore him. I will not have him here, to frighten folks with his black looks. He cannot keep from mischief, nor in his cups from bragging of it. He will blurt out the whole story of his shame some day, and then what will become of Nelly?"

"She has a pretty face, and will have a fortune that fits in with it," said Mrs. Blackburn coldly: "no hurt can happen to her."

"What! do you think, then, that the young gentleman—or nobleman, as likely as not—whom she may chance to choose, would hold to his bargain, if this ruffian, her grandfather's son, should once shew

himself in his true colours? And would that be no hurt to Nelly? If she comes to harm that way, as surely as the moon sits in the sky yonder, William shall never see a penny of mine.

"You would play the same part then, Anthony, as your father played to you, and earn the hatred of your own flesh and blood, as he did."

"No, not the same," said the old man excitedly, now taking vast strides across the room, the passion of his mind having apparently overcome all effects of the liquor he had so lately swallowed. "I call Heaven to witness, as I have often done, that my father had no honest ground of quarrel with me. I had not disgraced him and his for ever; I had not committed a mean and hateful!"

"Hush, Anthony, hush!" exclaimed Mrs. Blackburn piteously. "For my sake, if not for his, do not proclaim his shame to all the house."

"There," answered the Squire triumphantly, "you yourself fear that it should be known here, and yet you would take no precaution to prevent its disclosure. You wish it to be told, I suppose, by his own sottish tongue, to be corroborated by his own brutal ways and hang-dog looks as you well know it will be."

"But, Anthony, what would you have him do?"

"I would have him kept off from here as long as may be—for one clear year at least—for thirteen months—is it not thirteen?" And the Squire stopped in his walk, and cast a terrible glance at his wife, who turned her face from him as he did so.

"It is twelve months and fourteen days," replied she, in a low and trembling tone.

"At least, then," continued the Squire, "let that much of time elapse before he shews his face here. There is surely reason enough for setting of that limit. When it is passed, you shall take your own way in the affair. Our Nelly will by that time—and I have set the matter in train already, if I am not mistaken—have made her position in the county assured by marriage; only, let not this precious son of ours come here and ruin all, before he is sent for, else, by Heaven, it will be the worse for him. So let the thing be settled, wife, as I have said, and do you tear up that letter."

But Mrs. Blackburn had already locked it safely in her escritoir and secured the key.

"I will not send it, Anthony, since you forbid me," returned she quietly; "but I must keep the letter until the time comes at last for me to send it; for then, as he reads

it, he will know how, when fortune began to smile on us, I welcomed it mainly for his sake, and guess at all I feel this wretched hour."

"He will know nothing—he will feel nothing," answered the Squire sternly, "except so far as he is himself concerned. Do not flatter yourself that William Blackburn is any way changed, or ever will be, from the heartless good-for-nothing we have always found him. At least, for my part, whatsoever disappointments may lie in store for me, and they may be many, yet I can experience none from him."

And the Squire moved slowly into his dressing-room, keeping his eyes fixed to the last upon his wife, as she sat with her face in her hands, and her gray hair falling over them, as the willow droops above a tombstone.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE HORSE AND THE MARE.

It is ten months since the events related in our last chapter, and the morning sun of another autumn is lighting up a scene far different from the quiet landscape about Blackburn Manor. It shines upon our great seaside haunt of fashion, fuller even than usual of gay company, because of the race meeting at neighbouring Goodwood. It is the Cup day, and therefore many of its stately mansions and all its hotels have been astir earlier than usual. Upon this day the tide of brilliant equipages on the west cliff will suffer perceptible decrease, and the broad walks will be traversed without jostling. For the present, however, all is haste and preparation. The *New Unlimited* in particular, before which are in waiting a score of various vehicles, seems alive from its eighth floor to its basement. The porter opens its folding-doors to incomers and outgoers with the regularity of a swift automaton; the clerk in the glass box is questioned ten times per minute respecting the movements of this or that inmate of the gilded hive. The spacious hall is crowded by knots of men, who whisper to one another mysteriously, and jot down the result of their deliberations in little books. The broad staircases are trodden by ethereal creatures ascending and descending in gorgeous attire; but all bound, sooner or later, for the park and the course. On the balconies, too, are here and there to be seen a pair of eager but quiet talkers, very different from the tender couples who have been known to stand there by moonlight, and watch the waves kiss the shore, and sighing reluctantly withdraw. These

present pairs are all of the masculine gender, and their theme is a sordid one enough. If their thoughts are concerned with the other sex at all, it is with females of the equine race. Is the mare "fit?" Can the mare "stay?" are the questions that absorb them. Let us play the eaves-dropper upon these two gentlemen-sportsmen who are looking forth from the first-floor circle upon the vast expanse of sea and sky, without the least consciousness of the presence of either. Folks do not come to Brighton for sublimity and the beauties of nature, and least of all in the Goodwood race week.

This pale-faced, delicate-featured young fellow, with the well-kept black moustache, we have seen before, and easily recognize, although, in place of tourist suit in which we saw him last, he is dressed in the highest fashion, with a rose in his button-hole, and an opera-glass slung across his shoulder. It is Mr. Herbert Stanhope of Curlew Hall. The other, a stout, good-humoured-looking gentleman, is his junior by a year or two, his elder in point of astuteness in the business in which they are both engaged, by many years; inside the cover of his race-glass is to be read, in great gold letters, his name and address: "Mr. Frank Dawlish, The Albany." But he is known by all the world—that is, *his* world—as Sporting Dawlish. We do not pay him an extravagant compliment when we say that among "the gentlemen-sportsmen" who live, and move, and have their being upon British race-courses, there were many very worse than he.

"It is not the perfect certainty that all these fellows think, Stanhope," said he, jerking his thumb contemptuously towards the open window behind them, through which, in a large finely furnished room, two or three men could be seen still seated around the breakfast-table, although special trains had already begun to run from the station, and all the hired vehicles in the street were tending thither, as though drawn by a magnet.

"There is nothing to beat her," replied Stanhope, positively, and without removing the cigar that was between his lips: "that is Dean's honest conviction. I had a long talk with him this very morning."

"In spite of Dean's honesty, however, if I were you, I should hedge."

"What bosh you talk, Dawlish!" ejaculated the other impatiently. "How *can* I hedge, with such short odds against the horse? I just heard Wyndham taking two to one about him."

"I saw you did," said the other drily.

"If *Gazebo* wins, you will be hard hit, I fear, won't you?"

"Hard hit? I shall be ruined, Frank; that's all. But there is no chance of such a thing, I feel sure of that, whatever wins."

"You don't *look* sure, my dear fellow; and, forgive me, but it is you who are talking bosh now, not I."

"I betted against that horse," said Stanhope excitedly, "when he stood at twenty to one, which was his proper position, as you will own to me to-night, Dawlish; and I will bet against him now, though he rose to evens. I hate the beast."

"You should never hate a horse, my good fellow," returned the other coolly; "it is almost worse than having a particular fancy for one, as you have for this *Vignette*. Horses are like men and women: you should never let your judgment of them be blinded by your partiality or prejudice. You are saying to yourself: 'Here's a pretty mentor, who is said to have lost a fortune in one race at Ascot!' Yet, surely an experience which has cost one so dear ought to be worth something, as indeed it is. I tell you this 'picking out an animal for one's self from the very first,' as some of those wisecracks in yonder room are so fond of talking about, is sheer madness, simple suicide. I believe in the mare myself, but I also believe in *Gazebo*, or rather I believe in neither of them. — What do you stand to win by, besides the mare?"

"Everything. Nothing but *Gazebo's* winning can hurt me. I would give a thousand pounds to know the beast was dead."

"Well, I am not so bloodthirsty," said Dawlish, laughing: "a little lameness would satisfy me; then, when he got well, I would back him for the next long race, for I do think he's a good 'stayer'; and if it happened to be wet to-day—but there, there is no chance of that. It is the very weather for *Vignette*. Come, let us drink her health in a glass of Hook and Seltzer, and then be off." Whereupon the two friends stepped inside.

Have any of my readers ever had a large sum depending upon a horse-race? I mean a sum, whether large or not, which is of considerable importance to themselves. If so, they will easily understand that as Mr. Herbert Stanhope drives through the pleasant Park of Goodwood side by side with "sporting Dawlish," he does not interest himself greatly in the scene nor in the company. A less occupied mind could not fail to mark the incongruity between those shady

glades and sylvan solitudes and the noisy throng that hurries through them, in every species of conveyance, from the four-in-hand to the coster's cart, on horseback and on foot. Among these last, a tumultuous array of country folks, and card-sharps, orange-sellers, and acrobats, there is one class alone, the gipsies, who do not seem out of place, but even they have suspended their usual picturesque avocations, and taken to selling "lists of the running horses." Upon the whole, the spectacle suggests some pantomimic rehearsal, in which the beautiful scenery by Grieve or Telbin has been suffered to remain, while that indiscriminate mob who are so much in need of the policeman engross the stage. But for all that he sees, and almost for all that he hears, Mr. Herbert Stanhope might be in the Underground Railway. His stake in the coming "event" itself is so large that the anticipation of it may well monopolise his mind; and yet he does not think of the race at all, but only of its possible consequences. In the case of one result, which is likely enough to happen (Mr. Dean says it's "a positive certainty"), he will *recoup* himself for the losses of years, and be re-established at Curlew Hall in at least as good pecuniary circumstances as those in which he was left at his father's death; and in the case of any other result save that, and *one other*, he will be no worse off than at present, and indeed (only it is not worth his while to think of that) the better by some hundreds. But then it is also possible that this *one other* thing may happen, in which case Herbert Stanhope will be ruined. "If there is a worse thing than 'a fancy' in horse-flesh," says that experienced sage Mr. Dawlish, "it is a prejudice;" and his friend has entertained a prejudice from the first against *Gazebo*. It is well to lay odds rather than to take them, but then you must lay them *round*. It is bad to stand to win upon one horse only, but it is much worse to have staked your all against another. Mr. Herbert Stanhope has not only "put the pot" on the black and yellow, which are the colours of *Vignette*, but he is "full," and a great deal too "full," against the "scarlet" worn by the rival favourite. Of course, there is nothing in his outward demeanour to shew it: to look at, Mr. Stanhope is merely a calm, unexceptionally attired young gentleman, whose mission like that of the rest of the aristocracy present, is to maintain the poor fellows who form the betting-ring; but his heart throbs under the rose in his button-hole, and an unpleasant shiver pervades him when the strident voices round

about him roar out: "I'll bet against *Vig-net*," and still worse when he overhears a colloquy (and there are many such) between "Fly and Spider," when the latter answers: "I can only give you six to four, six, against *Gazebo*." He is quite resolved not to hedge a shilling at such a price as that.

What a scene it is!—yonder noble sweep of level turf embosomed in the wooded hills, with the sunlit sky above all, and these discordant human figures, the members of the betting-ring, in the foreground, as jealously railed in as though they were really the wild beasts that faintly typify them. The din, the roar, and, may we be permitted to add, the smell of them, are to be found on a smaller scale in Wombwell's Menagerie; the brazen fraud, the rapacious merciless greed, are wholly without parallel elsewhere. Look at these men; they have mostly some inscription upon the money-bags or pouches which they bear round their necks—*Jones of London*, *Smith of Birmingham*, or what not—whereby those who have dealings with them may recognize them at a glance; but none of them are more legible than the word *Rogue*, which their trade has stamped upon their features. Some of them have planted in the earth gigantic umbrellas (similarly emblazoned with their names and addresses), and under these they carry on what is literally enough a roaring trade. Others stand with their backs against the railings, protesting, and methinks they do protest too much, that there they will be found after each race, prepared to settle with all and sundry who shall in the meantime have favoured them with their patronage—intrusted with the money which not many of their patrons will see again. These Spiders are all wonderfully alike in visage, though they may differ in form—some being bloated and unwieldy, as though they were almost gorged; others thin and hungry; but the Flies on whom they feed are more diverse. There are several quiet, sober-looking, respectable brown flies (clerks who have borrowed their employers' money perhaps to make a safe investment on this occasion); very many, too, of a hybrid sort, that would astonish a naturalist, being half-fly half-spider, and in a transition state from the former to the latter; and a considerable sprinkling of quite bright and brilliant flies, who are, however, come in search of the same garbage as the rest, just as one marks with wonder what gay and golden insects will circle about the offal in the streets. These last are the noblemen and gentlemen who would not

soil their hands with vulgar Trade upon any account, but who think it no shame to adopt as their profession the Turf; and, curiously enough, notwithstanding their glided wings, it is whispered that even some of these are on the verge of the transition state which has been hinted at above.

Strangest of all, immediately above this crowd, from which arises an indescribable clamour (when the coming-off of some minor race does not subdue it to that sort of insect hum which is so often heard in the summer-time above some mass of material corruption)—strangest of all, we say, in box and balcony of the Grand Stand that immediately overhangs this crowd sit the fairest and proudest of England's daughters, and apparently not at all discomposured by the scene in question. Many a smile and nod greet Mr. Herbert Stanhope as he looks upward into that bright array, and time had been when more than one neatly gloved hand would have pointed out a vacant seat for him beside its owner; but the great ladies who patronize Goodwood are very wary, and soon get to know when a *parti* has ceased to be eligible to their sweet Constances and Arabellas, and the losses of the master of Curtlew Hall were no secrets to any of them. It is probable, however, that in his present mood Stanhope would not have accepted an invitation from any quarter; his mind was too anxious to stoop to frivolities; he found it hard enough to throw into his expressive features the air of delighted recognition they were expected to wear, without being compelled to exchange polished commonplaces and wager gloves with ladies of fashion. True, a horse-race is itself a frivolity in the eyes of many, but the one which was now approaching was to Stanhope at least a matter of the most paramount importance, and monopolized his attention wholly.

The bell was rung for saddling, and his friend and himself went to see the horses, or rather to see the mare and horse (for he had no eyes for the others) stripped and shining like mirrors, each with arching neck and pricking ear, as though conscious of the hopes and fears that they excited in so many human breasts; for verily the Goodwood Cup day is one cut out of the calendar of the Houghnynhms, wherein the Horse is master of the Man. When this was over, Stanhope and Dawlish made their way to their own places in the Grand Stand, in a box of about the size of a bathing-machine, which they had secured months beforehand at a great price.

The jugglers, the dancers, the Ethiopian singers, the sellers of gingerbread nuts and

of effervescing drinks, had been driven from the course by the impartial hands of the police, and even the few gentlemen with Stand tickets in their hats who still remained were condescending to leave it. The broad green road, hitherto concealed by countless thousands, lay bare at last, as though some Red Sea miracle had been wrought for the horses' sake who were about to run between those pent-up waves of men. One by one, they take their preparatory canter down the course: each as they go by evoking his share of applause, mingled, perhaps, with some would-be knowing criticism from the spectators; but the admiration rises to a sullen roar as, side by side, the horse and mare happen to go by together, stride by stride. They are both bays, but the black and yellow contrasts sufficiently with the scarlet to keep them distinct to all eyes (had there been need) to the very horizon's verge. Gay and haggard, Stanhope raises his glass, and scans them narrowly. His hand is a little tremulous, but his face is perfectly calm as he remarks: "The horse gallops well." Sporting Dawlish gives a nod and a look which are quite the perfection of sign-language — "I believe you; he gallops a deal too well, as I always told you" — but he does not reply in words. The vast sea of humanity has ceased to roar; only one wave of speech breaks upon the ear, where a cardseller, who unites with his calling that of sweeping unconsidered trifles from people's carriages while their attention is absorbed, and who has been detected, inveighs against an eaves-dropping policeman.

The long array of shining steeds, with their still more conspicuous riders, is drawn up in two lines, like a rainbow and its reflex; the red flag falls; an inarticulate thunder of voices announces the fact that "they are off." The mare is leading as they pass the Stand, but will she lead when they come round again? From his position, Stanhope is able with the aid of his glasses to command the entire course — to mark every incident of the struggle from first to last. But he makes no comment. Sporting Dawlish is not so reticent. He has no such stake in the event as his friend has, although he has other reasons besides friendship for wishing to see *Vignette* win. He has many strings to his bow, and one of them has snapped. "There's one out of it already," says he composedly; "that *Campfire* has pulled up short. I always thought he would never stay such a course as this, though I did put a tenner on him. They're beginning to scatter, eh? That wretched weed *Julep* seems to have a nice chance, don't he? —

last of all. By Jove, how the horse is coming on!"

The horse — that is, *the* horse — was indeed, coming on; even at that great distance, and while the goal was yet far off, experienced eyes, such as were now watching so eagerly, could detect certain portentous signs in the equine struggle. *Vignette*, who had taken up the running too early, as it was afterwards said (for no race-horse is ever beaten in the opinion of his backers, but through some extraneous cause), was indeed already "in difficulties." Herbert Stanhope was among the first to see this, and with the air of a general who sees the battle has gone against him, he shut up his glass with a laconic "The mare is beaten," long before the jubilant crowd began to shout: "*Gazebo* wins!"

#### CHAPTER X.

##### MR. DAWLISH'S "TIP."

AT the moment that the race was won, and almost before the numbers displayed upon the official board quenched the last hopes of the losers, a tumult arose in the ring beneath the Stand. One of the spiders, who happened to have laid too heavily against *Gazebo*, was detected in attempting to make his escape, and so avoid settling with his creditors. He had his money-bag full of the coin intrusted to him by the backers of the winner, and such a proceeding as he had in contemplation was undoubtedly far worse than pick-pocketing, inasmuch as it was robbery aggravated by breach of confidence. But if it had been murder in its most aggravated form, it could not (or certainly would not) have aroused so furious a storm. It was not only those whom he had plundered who were now setting on him like terriers on some hated vermin, but his own brethren of the pouches, whose honour, forsooth, was the breath of their nostrils, and whose credit — on which all their hopes were built — was imperilled by his felonious intent. "A welsher! a welsher!" resounded from every side; and in less time than it takes to tell it, he became the centre of a crowd, in whose looks was no shadow of mercy, and whose hands threatened to tear him limb from limb. "If we cannot get our money," cried one, "we will have his skin;" and in one minute the howling mob had so far acted upon this suggestion as to denude the delinquent of his clothes. In half a shirt and some remnants of a pair of trousers, the miserable wretch was tossed, and torn, and worried immediately beneath

the eyes of that gracious female aristocracy in whom Mr. Thomas Carlyle sees the last hope of England's stability. It was only the unanimity of his assailants, who by their kicks and blows kept him up on all sides, that saved him from death, for if he had once gone down he would have been trampled into a living grave. Naked, and bleeding, and bruised, and with his thievish face distorted by pain and terror, he offered indeed a frightful spectacle, and Stanhope shuddered as he looked down upon it. "By Heaven! they'll kill the man," cried he. "Not they," answered Sporting Dawlish with his pleasant smile: "Welshers are never killed. I wish I had got his bag, for it had a pony of mine in it — the scoundrel! — what one may call a Welsh pony. See how the cunning villain is working himself towards the gate."

And indeed, even while he spoke, the miserable creature, as though by special assistance of his patron the Devil, did manage to get himself hustled towards the turnstile, whence, by the simultaneous impulse of a dozen feet, he was shot out into the course, which absorbed him.

"There's a fine moral lesson," observed Dawlish. "Not one of those gentry down yonder but will be careful to settle their debts of honour for the rest of the day. Now is the time to invest a little money, if one had it, upon the next race, with the certainty of getting paid if one won. It's a fine thing is Lynch Law, where there's no other."

Stanhope did not speak; he was thinking that the difference between his own case and that of the welsher was but small; for, by *Gazebo's* victory, he had lost not only more than he could afford, but even more than he could pay.

"I am afraid you have been hit, hard old fellow," said his companion kindly; "but better luck next time."

"There is no next time for me, man," returned the other gloomily.

"Pooh, pooh; so I thought at one time, when I dropped twenty thousand 'thou' at Ascot; and yet here I am, you see, both merry and wise."

"Yes, but you had another fortune left you, in place of the one you lost: and there is nobody to leave me a penny. I told you this morning, that, if that cursed horse won, I should be a ruined man, and now it has come to pass, Frank."

"Well, you can't say I didn't warn you, old fellow. I always had my own opinion about 'honest Dean' and his prophecies. But there; that is cold comfort. Now, let me say this, Stanhope" — and he placed

his hand upon the other's shoulder: "I am not so well off as I have been, but I have something yet with which to serve a friend. I will help you to settle this, matter, and then in three months' time — or even in six — you can pay me back, you know."

"Thank you, Dawlish — thank you kindly. You are a better fellow than I took you for. But, on the other hand, I am worse than you imagined; I can't pay my debts."

"You mean not now; well, that can't be helped. They must wait a bit — that's all; or rather, I'll wait, and do you pay the rest."

"I cannot pay you nor them," returned Stanhope sullenly; "neither now or ever."

"Not pay?" ejaculated Dawlish aghast, and mechanically returning to his pocket the cheque-book in which he had been calculating his balance at his banker's. "Not pay, Stanhope? But that's all confounded nonsense: you know one must pay;" and his gaze wandered, or seemed to his friend to wander, to a certain spot, where, on the railings of the ring, fluttered, in sign of avenged justice, or as a flag of triumph, three-fourths of the welsher's shirt. "Why, good heavens!" continued the astonished turfite, this outrage upon his narrow but strong instincts of morality quite elevating his style, "I can scarcely believe my ears, or at least that they are listening to Herbert Stanhope. Sooner than be a de —"

He hesitated; but the other supplied the half-finished word: "Sooner than be a defaulter", you were about to say," observed he quietly, "you would do what?"

"Well, I would sell my very clothes off my back;" and again that fluttering emblem of peace, and confidence restored, seemed to catch the speaker's eye. "I would sell my place, Curlew Hall, if I were you, every stick and stone of it rather than not pay."

"The Hall is sold; or at least mortgaged to nearly its full value," replied Stanhope hoarsely. "As sure as the sun shines, I have almost a mind to go down among those devils, and let them tear me to pieces, as they did the — the other fellow. I could bear the pain, if it wasn't for the shame of it. — By-the-bye, I owe you a couple of ponies, old fellow; and here they are. I shouldn't like you to say, if anything were to happen to me, the same word you said of me just now; because we were at Eton together, and — O Frank, old fellow, what an infernal fool I've been!"

The babel of the racecourse had once more broken forth. Beneath them, the brazen voices were shouting their offers

against this and that in the race to come; the drums of the showmen were beating; the vendors of cards were plying their trade in tones as harsh as the corn-crake's; and the busy throng was all astir again about its business or its pleasure. But, for the moment, Herbert Stanhope's mind was far away in the "playing-fields" of Eton. The tall elms swayed above him, as he lay on the grassy bank of the loved river, with his friend beside him, both boys without a care. It was not ten years ago; but what a gulf had he dug with his own hands between those days and this! What chances — nay, what certainties — had he flung away, until there was no chance left!

It is not to be imagined that Sporting Dawlish (who after a short but severe struggle with himself, had pocketed the pair of "ponies," otherwise fifty pounds) was overcome by boyish reminiscences to the same extent as his friend; but he was not untouched by Stanhope's involuntary reference to that common portion of their past, and while he leaned over the balcony, and seemed to scan the surging crowd, he was stroking thoughtfully his still smooth and dimpled chin, and thinking within himself what help he could be to his old school-fellow.

"There was Sweden — he had heard men say — where a fellow might get out of the way for any amount of years, and live pretty jolly too, except there was no Epsom nor Ascot. And if Stanhope went there, and waited, why, in time that Redmoor property, so near to Mosedale, would be worth any money. The lawyer fellow, Moffat, — and a deuced sharp old file too — had told him so himself, when he was staying at his friend's house that very summer;" and then, all of a sudden, another plan, begotten of that reminiscence, sprang, Minerva-like, full grown from Sporting Dawlish's quick brain. He turned.

Stanhope had risen, and was evidently about to leave the box. "Old fellow," said he, with an attempt at a smile, "I have made out matters to be rather worse than they really are; I daresay I *shall* pull round after all. I have plenty of money at the banker's to settle next week with all those at least who are likely to make themselves unpleasant. Those who know me — I am not hinting at that fifty pounds, Frank — that was a mere bagatelle, unfortunately, and would do me no good, and you were quite right to take it — those who know me, I say, will wait a little; and you may tell them yonder, if they ask, that they shall hear of me in a day or two." And Stanhope nodded as though he would be back again

shortly, and laid his fingers on the handle of the door.

"I say, Herby, you mustn't do *that*, you know," said Dawlish, stepping hastily up to him — "you mustn't, indeed."

"Mustn't do what, my good fellow?"

"Why, fight a duel with yourself, like Hervey did last year, just because he had made a bad book on the Leger. Your brains are far too good to be scattered that way; and besides, though I'm no parson, it ain't right, and it won't stop people's mouths neither; they will 'say things' just the same, whether you are dead or alive, you know!"

"I never dreamed of any such folly as you hint at Dawlish. — Come, let me go."

"Not yet; I want to say a word or two to you first. I have thought of a way by which you can get out of this hole altogether; not a way that you would have chosen for yourself, perhaps, but, at all events, a far better one than blowing your brains out: one, too, that would seem pleasant to lots of men, let me tell you — very."

"You make one quite pleased at being ruined, Dawlish," said Stanhope bitterly.

"This seems so good a plan, that I wonder you have never taken advantage of it yourself."

"I would if I could," returned the other naively; "that is," he added hastily, "I only did not try because I saw the thing was out of my reach. — Now, tell me how much money do you stand to lose by this last race?"

"Why, to make a clean breast of it, my dear fellow, I have made a pretty mess of it. I have lost nearly eighteen thousand pounds."

"The devil you have! you must have 'plunged' indeed. — Well, I have hit upon a scheme whereby you may pay your debts, and still put two-and-twenty thousand pounds in your pocket."

"My handwriting is very peculiar," said Stanhope gravely, "and like no other man's that I am acquainted with: for I suppose you are suggesting a forgery."

"Nay, my good fellow; I am perfectly serious. The advice I give you is, to marry an heiress."

"Excellent!" said Stanhope grimly. "I saw Lady Anne Golconda in the Duke's box, just before the race. They say she will have half a million. Her mother was so good as to nod to me just now. I'll step round and arrange the matter."

"I am not speaking of any impossibility," continued Dawlish. "Just sit down, take a cigar, and be reasonable. I know a

girl both younger and prettier than the Golconda filly; a perfect lady (whatever her mamma may have been); and what is more to the point, one who will have forty thousand pounds *down—down*, sir, on the day of her wedding! You must marry Nelly Blackburn of Redcombe Manor."

Stanhope took from his case an immense cigar, and lit it with great care and deliberation.

"The idea is first-rate, old fellow," replied he quietly, "but perfectly impracticable, as nobody should know better than yourself."

The countenance of Mr. Frank Dawlish, always of a fine fresh colour, began to glow like a peony.

"*I!* How so? What the deuce do you mean?"

"I thought there had been a trial-race between you, that's all," said Stanhope laughing; "and my impression was (to repeat your metaphor) that you had found the Blackburn filly so unapproachable that to enter for the matrimonial stakes with her was out of the question."

"Upon my honour, Stanhope, I never proposed to the girl."

"I know you didn't; but still there was a trial-race: it was on the terrace after dinner, the night we dined there last, and you left me, if you remember, rather suddenly—'particular business' at Tattersall's, you told me—the next day."

"Well, perhaps there was," said Dawlish ruefully. "I confess I was a little spoony for a week or two; but we are talking of your affairs, and not of mine. I could not have been very deeply smitten, or I should not now be offering the young woman to your consideration. There are reasons to my disadvantage, which would not tell against you. I am not a swell like Herbert Stanhope. Nobody knows who my grandfather was, and indeed I don't know myself. My people made their money by a patent medicine; I am quite aware that I am called Pill Dawlish. It is only because I have a few thousands to lose to them, that I am tolerated by these fine gentlemen here. (I don't say by *you*, mind; you are not a born idiot, though you do happen to be well born.) Well, putting myself aside, then, in this matter—though I do not choose to be put aside by others, and there's not one of these insolent scoundrels who have shown their hands to me so plainly, but shall lose when we come to play together"—

"My dear Frank, you astonish me!" interrupted Stanhope; "I did not know you were capable of a revengeful feeling, and I

do assure you, you have greatly exaggerated"

"Never mind me, Stanhope," replied the other imperiously, "even though passion were to send me into a fit. The Dawlish pill is good for fits. I say this girl Miss Ellen Blackburn (whom I very much esteem, let me tell you, and entertain no sort of grudge against), will not have the same objection to you as to me. That respectable savage her male parent, is resolved to marry her to a noble swell—and you were a noble swell until within the last three-quarters of an hour. Up in Derbyshire, folks will not hear of the change in your circumstances for months."

"What you recommend is not running very straight, eh, Frank? or, at all events, not riding in one's own colours?"

Sporting Dawlish shrugged his ample shoulders, thereby obliterating altogether his inch of neck. "Not to pay one's debts of honour is not quite playing on the square, Stanhope, if you come to that," said he coolly. "If I thought you would ill-treat the girl, I swear I would not recommend her to you. But she will fare better with you than with almost any of these 'landed' gentry, as they call themselves, whom you and I know. (Landed begad, I know they landed me when I was but two-and-twenty!) Yes, I own I should be disgusted to see her fall to one of them; but it is you I am thinking of mainly, old fellow; it is indeed. I know you are as proud as the devil; but you have so placed yourself that some sort of humiliation must be endured. I daresay it will be disagreeable to you to have such a mother-in-law as Mrs. Blackburn (I shall never forget her drinking the water out of her finger-glass after dinner—never), but then you will not have to marry *her*. Now, Miss Ellen"—

"My good fellow, you waste your breath!" exclaimed Stanhope suddenly. "I agree with all you are about to say of that charming girl; but the fact is that the Blackburn filly has an engagement of her own, which her trainer knows nothing about. Ellen Blackburn is betrothed; for she gave that as the reason for rejecting me, when I proposed to her myself."

Mr. Frank Dawlish whistled long and loud, like a locomotive before entering a tunnel. "Well, you must cut him out, that's all—I mean the other man, whoever he is."

"No, Frank; that is impossible. I am not in a position to stick at trifles; but when a girl has once declined to listen to me"—

There was a knock at the door, and a

stout middle-aged gentleman of an astute countenance made his way into the small box, which was only intended to accommodate two persons.

"Hollo, Stanhope!" said he sharply, "you are the very man I wanted; and seeing Dawlish from below, I thought he could tell me where to find you. I wish to speak three words with you about business."

"You must go out first, Sir Arthur, if you wish to be alone, for I am hanged if I can pass you," said Dawlish laughing.

"Don't go, Frank," said Stanhope quietly. "I have no secrets from my friend here, so you can say whatever you please, Sir Arthur."

"Well, it's a very simple matter," said the new-comer, with an affectation of carelessness; "but the fact is this, I have been rather hard hit to-day. I have won of you, it is true, but I have lost more to others; and some of them don't know me so well as you do, and want their money at once. It's a queer thing to offer, but since it will put a few fivers in your pocket, and because you and I are old friends, I have just come to say this. Instead of your paying me that five hundred pounds on settling-day, if you choose to make it four hundred and seventy-five pounds *at once*, I'll take it."

"If you are in want of the money, Sir Arthur," said Stanhope, taking out his well-furnished pocket-book, "you are very welcome to what is your due, without any usurious discount. I had no idea your credit was so low with the fraternity down yonder to which you belong." Every word was an icicle, and the air with which they were delivered was cutting as a north-east wind. "I hope you find the notes correct; perhaps you had better reckon them again."

"No, no: quite right, quite right," stammered the recipient, confused, if not abashed. "I only hope I have not inconvenienced you."

"Not by taking the money," said Stanhope, "at all; but you inconvenience us very much by remaining in the box."

"Just so, just so; two is company, and three is none, eh? Good-bye, then, and better luck to you next time." And the two friends were once more left alone.

"This beats everything!" ejaculated Stanhope, his smothered fury at last exploding. "Why, I myself gave that infernal scoundrel 'time' only last Derby. To dun me like this, before even the money was due—why, what, in the devil's name, does it all mean?"

"It means simply this, my dear fellow, that you have already begun to be 'blown upon,' and that Sir Arthur guesses what has already happened. He believed you would bolt before settling-day, and that so firmly, that he was content to take twenty-five pounds off his little bill, if he could but get it paid at once."

"No other man in England, who calls himself a gentleman, would have ventured on such a step," cried Stanhope. "What a shameless scoundrel!"

"Chut!" answered Dawlish contemptuously: "we are all alike on the turf, as we are under it. It is only that Sir Arthur wears triple brass upon his forehead, as that fellow we read of at Eton did about his heart, who first went to sea in a cock-boat; and, at all events, Sir Arthur is a magnificent liar. I saw his book upon the Cup, and so far from losing, he stood to win five thousand pounds on *Gazeebo* at least, besides your own little contribution. His manner may be grosser, but his method is only what is to be expected from all of them—even the best of these fellows won't wait for their money for ever. Yours is not a case where one can afford to be squeamish about anybody's feelings. I tell you, you must marry Ellen Blackburn, and cut the other fellow out."

"You talk of this cutting-out expedition," observed Stanhope grimly, "as though it were a cruise round the Isle of Wight."

"And so it is. Nothing is easier for a man like you, of good birth, of good looks, and I will add, of good brains—except when you take a prejudice against a horse: you have got both the girl's parents on your side."

"I think they did want me to marry her," muttered Stanhope thoughtfully.

"Want you!—they were pushing her down your throat, as a conjurer forces a card upon his audience. You should always endeavour to make a young woman obedient to her parents. I daresay she has formed some objectionable attachment. Why, it's your duty, sir."

"Is it?" said Stanhope absently.

"Of course it is. And then think of her forty thousand pounds *down*! Two-and-twenty thousand to live upon, after having satisfied these cormorants. Then, as for her not having been reared so delicately (although she is as true a gentlewoman as any in his Grace's box there), that is all the better. She will never miss the money; and having been brought up in habits of economy, will make what is left go farther. There: I think I have placed the whole

matter now in its proper light. Is it possible, my dear fellow, that you fail to see it?"

"I see my necessity," answered Stanhope sighing; "but in case I don't win the girl after all?"

"You can't fail to do it," answered Dawlish energetically; "I'll bet ten to one on you. In the meantime, pay those you must, and let the others wait for their

money. If you are very hard pressed, you may refer them to me. I am not a sentimental beggar, you know, *now*; that Ascot business took the softness out of my heart as well as my head; but for the sake of old times, Herby, you may, if the worst comes to the worst, depend upon me for four thousand. — No thanks, old fellow; but if you wish to oblige me, you will be at Curlew Hall by to-morrow night."

THE AGE OF WRITINGS IN COMMON INK. — M. F. Carre has communicated to the French Academy remarks on an approximate determination of the age of writing made with ink having like those in common use an iron base. He says, that writing, eight or ten years old may be copied with an ordinary press, if the copying paper is moistened with water to which one-twelfth of hydrochloric acid has been added. In this case the copying is almost as easy, as when it is done upon fresh writing in the usual way. The facility of the copying process diminishes with time, and a writing thirty years old did not give a legible copy, while one dating 1787, scarcely yielded a perceptible trace. When writings are washed with, or soaked in diluted hydrochloric acid of the strength mentioned, an inverse action is noticed. Those made from a few months to ten years ago disappear after an immersion of from a few hours to a few days, while a writing thirty years old could be read after fifteen days maceration. When copies are made with acidulated paper, they should be held over a dish containing liquid ammonia for a few seconds to neutralize the acid.

MR. INGHAM, the police magistrate, has decided that it is cruelty to crop a dog's ears, and has inflicted a fine of 5s. each on James Bye and George Hudson for this offence. Two veterinary surgeons said it was cruel. Sir E. Landseer was of the same opinion, and stated that the Queen protested against cropping and had never had a dog's ears cropped in her life. Under these circumstances, unless the defendants could have brought up more veterinary surgeons, another great artist, and another monarch to say it was not cruel, they naturally had no chance and were accordingly convicted, Mr. Ingham saying that if he had followed his own feelings he would have sent them to prison, but for the argument which he could not resist, that they were foolish persons. The practice of cropping puppies' ears is probably, as Mr. Ingham remarked, a barbarous relic of a barbarous age; so is the practice of docking horses' tails, ringing pigs' noses, boring ladies' ears before they

come of age. It is cruel and barbarous to array a footman in plush breeches and make him uncomfortable and ridiculous; but when we are summoned before Mr. Ingham to give an account of these barbarisms, would it not be sufficient for him to fine us on our first conviction without threatening to imprison us unless we can prove ourselves fools? We might not always be ready with the proof, and at all events should have due notice that we are liable to imprisonment for fashionable barbarities.

Pall Mall Gazette.

Did people take snuff before it was made from tobacco? We suppose so, for Cotgrave implies that "neesing-powder," made from neesewort, was a well-known article in 1611: "*Veraire blanc*. White hellebore, lingwort, neesewort, of whose root neesing powder is made. Neither the first nor the second edition of Cotgrave's Dictionary mentions the French word *tobac*, or *tabac*. Howell, in 1660, gives *tobac*, as well as Cotgrave's words for the weed, *petum* and *nicotiane*. The latter is defined by Cotgrave as "*Nicotian*, tobacco (first sent into France by *Nicot*, the maker of the great French Dictionary, in the yeare 1560, when he was Ambassador Leger in Portugall)."

THE SHOPKEEPING NATION AGAIN. — *Lady (reads)*:—"Juliet.— By whose direction found'st thou out this place?"

"Romeo.— By Love, who first did prompt me to inquire;

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes,  
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far  
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,  
I would adventure for such 'merchandise.'"

*Foreigner of Distinction*.— Ah — voila! Zare ze Englist — what you call him? — "spirit nationale" exhibit himself. Merchandise — shop-keepare — nussing but shop-keepare, even in your great Shaks-peer's thoughts himself! — Bah!

From The Spectator.  
SIR J. P. GRANT IN JAMAICA.

THE first Report presented to the Colonial Office by Sir J. P. Grant, or at least the first made public, is a very instructive and very characteristic document. It will be remembered that he was sent to Jamaica in the end of 1866, at the close of a rebellion, followed by a massacre, to restore, if he could, some degree of social peace; to induce whites and blacks to live together, if not in harmony, at least upon decent terms, and to organize an entirely new system of government for the colony. He has succeeded in all those objects, and has now to describe his own success. Most men, we think, would have displayed a little exultation, have indulged in a little disquisition, or at least have dwelt at some length upon the character of the evils he had removed. The temptation must have been specially great to a man who, like Sir J. P. Grant, is a master of official eloquence, of the art of so stating reasons on paper that *littérateurs* read them with delight and grave administrators with conviction. There probably never was a State paper superior either in force or style to that in which Sir J. P. Grant, in opposition to Lord Dalhousie and most of his colleagues, advised the annexation in preference to the sequestration of Oude. It reads like one of Bismarck's best speeches, rather than the "minute" of an average Indian civilian. The history of Jamaica for the past two years offered a grand opportunity of display in an art Indians are believed to overprize, but the Governor has declined to take advantage of it. We are not quite sure he even saw it. He is an Indian, and to an Indian the government of an island, occupied by mixed races, after recent disorders, and amid great abuses, seems the most natural of all functions, — one in which it would be very discredit-able to fail, but in which success is quite an ordinary affair. After Bengal, Jamaica is a very petty province; a Governor who has faced a Sepoy army in mutiny does not feel greatly terrified by the possible disaffection of a few thousand negroes; while a man who stood between the governing caste of an empire and its people, cannot conceive of the wrath of a few hundred planters as anything beyond fair human endurance. Sir J. P. Grant accordingly writes of his work very much as a Railway Chairman would of his. The island when he landed was in a state of chronic insolvency, the revenue being always short of the outlay by from £20,000 to £60,000, or say one-sixth, and the debt increasing every year, till it amounted to rather more than

two years' income, and, as he says, additional interest could hardly be provided. Such a state of affairs was intolerable to a man bred to distrust the elasticity of State resources, so he began by stopping all loans on any pretence whatever. Public works were good, but solvency was better; and while works could wait, the public creditor could not. Then reductions were made, partly by the abolition of constitutional offices, partly by suppressing clerical establishments, and partly by stopping grants to local funds to the extent of £46,000 a year. The duty on rum consumed in the island was raised from 2s 9d. per gallon to 5s., a land-tax was imposed of one penny an acre, — which one perceives establishes the Indian principle, that the State ought to have part of the rent, — and a tax on trade licences, also Indian; and, presto! "the revenue and expenditure of the colony have been brought to an equilibrium," while the budget of 1867-68 shows a small surplus, the first known for years in the colony. No department essential to the work of Government had been cut down; on the contrary, offices had been created to work the new constitution at a cost of £12,800 a year; and the new police force worked so well that no soldier had ever been called out; a little judgment and a little disinterestedness had rescued the island in two years from its financial difficulties. Not content with this, however, the Governor resolved to remove the great cause of rebellion, the fear of starvation, and ventured to impose a universal house-tax, falling upon the very poorest classes, to be employed as a poor-rate. It was believed that this measure would revive insurrection, and had the old Assembly existed, it would probably have done so, the negroes suspecting all taxation by that body; but Sir J. Grant persevered, the measure was carefully explained, and "the petty house-tax, first imposed in 1867, which now, with the former tax on the better class of houses, constitutes a poor-rate, has been paid by the black settlers this year (1868), as it was last year, without exciting a murmur of discontent, the people themselves having been satisfied of its necessity and fairness, and knowing its object. Contrasting this state of feeling with that which existed three years ago, the present state of contentment of the mass of the population is a decisive and a very remarkable proof of their confidence in the new constitution under which the colony was placed in 1866."

The next thing was to educate the people, for which there were apparently no funds; but the Governor found that grants were

made to utterly inefficient schools, that some old endowments were wasted, and that there was a class of semi-ecclesiastical schools which could be dispensed with. Accordingly he instituted the scheme of payment by results, thereby forcing 226 schools to become useful, transferred the income of the vestry schools which "were found inefficient" to model schools, and "completely reformed" the management of endowments, so that Woolmer's School, for example, "having been a far from creditable institution," is now most excellent. Of course, much remains still to be done; but the Governor, we suspect, though he does not say so, has got a strong lever in that penny land tax, and the colony is slowly getting richer. The people trust the new Government as they never trusted the Assembly, and the "old planters" prejudice," that Jamaica was created by God to grow sugar, is, the Governor reports, fast expiring. The planters are abandoning the farms unfitted by nature for cultivation, and "I have often inquired, and I have been unable to hear of one resident sugar planter in any part of Jamaica at present, of recognized skill in his business, and possessed of capital sufficient for the proper management of all the land in his hands." Jamaica rum is still the best in the world, and fetches the highest price; and the planters whose estates are unfitted for the cane may, says the Governor, who knows what land in the tropics will grow, cultivate coconut, tobacco, fruits,—a profitable cultivation already established in the Bahamas,—and above all, the chocolate cocoa once largely produced in the island. The planters see this themselves, and are voluntarily recommencing the importation of coconuts. Trade is reviving, all exports are increasing except coffee,—that of pimento in particular having doubled in two years,—and, "though fully sensible of the insular unpopularity to be incurred by the open announcement of a contrary view, I am bound to confess that as no reasonable person can doubt of the perfect security of the colony now, so my expectations as to its general prospects for the future are entirely hopeful." It is a day of small things, of course, nor in all probability will there ever be in Jamaica a day of large things, the island, for all its place in our history, be-

ing in reality much less important than any one of the richer counties of Bengal; but, nevertheless, the change is one full of instruction for the British administrators. Here is an island colony, with a chronic deficit, gradually declining in prosperity, and inhabited by races so hostile that a bloody riot seemed to the higher caste to presage a massacre, and was avenged by the slaughter of some hundreds of the population. Insurrection was expected to become chronic, and the most hopeful on-lookers doubted if it would ever be possible to restore prosperity. A quiet, retired Indian is sent there, with absolute power; he applies the most ordinary maxims of Indian administration and a few lessons derived from his past experience, and in two years both races have returned to their business; the soldiers are sent to the hills, a new direct tax is levied without a word of discontent, the prison population diminishes one-fifth, the mileage of railroad is doubled, and projects for new cultivation take the place of incessant apprehensions of coming ruin. The "wild" negroes are quite content, and the only disaffection is found among a few planters who are trying to grow cane where cane without slave labour cannot be grown to pay. The change is complete, and is due mainly, if not entirely, to confidence in the Government; which, again, has arisen entirely from its new attitude as an impartial authority, repressing and regarding all Her Majesty's subjects alike. Sir J. P. Grant is an able man, and the new Constitution is far superior to the old; but he would have failed, had he not carried with him the first grand maxim of Indian administration, the key-note of all successful government of mixed races, that the spirit of caste shall not enter into legislation. The State is independent of all, and is therefore trusted of all, as it will also be in Ireland, when there, as in Jamaica, the idea of ascendancy has been fairly exorcised from men's minds. No caste can govern well. That is the grand idea which their long experience of empire is slowly forcing on the minds of British statesmen, and which, when fully received, will replace in their hands an instrument of power too long neglected and disused, the loyalty which accretes to the impartial, impassive, all-protecting State.

From the Spectator.

MR. DICKENS'S MORAL SERVICES TO LITERATURE.

WE wish it were possible to do real justice to those of our men of genius who still remain among us with less of exaggeration, and we might almost say caricature, than seems to characterize those feasts which we give in their honour. Few of Mr. Dickens's heartiest, if discriminating, admirers could have felt much pleasure in reading the report of the Liverpool banquet, and of Lord Dufferin's very able and eloquent but unmodulated panegyric. No one can help feeling that in all respects but one, namely, that Mr. Dickens fortunately is still with us, speeches of that kind are much more "like a funeral sermon than truth." The maxim "De mortuis nil nisi bonum" is only true of men of literature as men of literature while the grave is still green above them; "De presentibus nil nisi bonum" would be not only true, but much less than the truth; — "De presentibus nil nisi optimum" would be nearer the mark. The panegyrists of such really great writers as Mr. Dickens are apt to speak as if the lights could be sufficiently appreciated without the shadows, and by so doing seem to us to pay but a poor compliment to the literary insight of an author who can swallow so much glaring intellectual eulogy without being revolted by its singular uniformity of tone and deficiency in delicacy of appreciation. We do not blame Lord Dufferin or any other speaker at the Liverpool banquet for this; the fault lies with our false general tone of social morality on such matters, which always expects and demands oral compliment to be undiluted and broad, and therefore entirely deficient in artistic flavour. Still, it is simply the fact, that any man knowing Mr. Dickens's works would find no sort of reflection of their specific characteristics in such speeches as those of the Liverpool banquet. He would learn only the raw public opinion of literary merits, though it is almost sure to have something of substantial foundation, is also pretty sure to be shapeless and vague and a little coarse.

We are not going now to attempt any general estimate of that genius, but on one point, on which Lord Dufferin dilated, the great moral services Mr. Dickens's works have rendered to England and all the English-speaking races, we should like to define his true position; and we do not think it will lose, — indeed, we believe it will gain, — by a little discrimination and precision, in place of that very general and comprehensive panegyric that he has rendered us "brighter and more gladsome by

the reproduction and distribution of that kindly spirit of domestic affection which has been the main purport of his teaching," and that he has made us "wiser and better, more loving and more human, taught us the duty of gaiety and the religion of mirth, while yet the lambent play of his wit, humour, and fancy has only revealed more distinctly the depths of passion in his nature, as the laughter of the sea along its thousand shining shores is but another expression of those immeasurable forces which lie latent in its bosom." That is a fine image of Lord Dufferin's, but to our apprehension a singularly misleading one. No one can appreciate more highly the wonderful and inexhaustible humour of Mr. Dickens's creations than we do. We doubt if there ever were so great a humourist in the world before, Aristophanes and Shakespeare not excepted. But to speak of Mr. Dickens's humour as only revealing more distinctly the depths of passion in his nature, seems to us a singular misunderstanding of his genius. There is passion, — no doubt, deep passion, — in the greatest of his efforts at imaginative portraiture, the picture of Nancy in *Oliver Twist*, — some passion in her profound pity for the child, a vast deal in the mixture of love and terror which she feels for Sykes. There is very real and true pathos in the death of little Paul Dombey and one or two other pictures of a like kind, — *not*, we think, in the picture of little Nell, which, with great deference to Lord Dufferin, we cannot help regarding as one of Mr. Dickens's many overstrained, and consciously indulged and petted bits of sentimentalism, constantly passing the verge of maudlin emotionalism. But take his great and wonderfully productive genius all in all, and we scarcely know any genius, approaching his in richness, so utterly devoid of passion, — so almost certain to be theatrical and falsetto in its tone whenever it attempts passion. And as for saying that Mr. Dickens's humour is another aspect, — an indirect expression, — of his passion, it is impossible, in our minds, to conceive a more erroneous analysis. That is often true of other humourists, — as of Carlyle's humour almost invariably, and often of Thackeray's — for both these great writers in their highest touches of humour seem to register the highest wave of scorn or pity in their nature. But run over Dickens's greatest feats of humour, Mrs. Gamp's richest idioms, Elijah Pogram's eloquence, Putnam Smif's epical alligator, the transcendental ladies' dissertations on the sublime, Mr. Weller, senior's, letter on the Shepherd, Mr. Lillyvick's and Miss Saevellicci's am-

our, Miss Squeers's spite, the Dodger's relations to Charley Bates, Noah Claypole's genius for "the kinchin lay," Mr. Bumble's designs on the matron of the work-house, Mr. Toots's waistcoats, Mr. Feeder, B.A.'s, conversation with the dancing-master on the political economy of raw materials, Captain Cuttle's note-book, Peggotty's buttons, Traddles's "dear girl," Mrs. R. Wilfer's four copperplate engravers, Silas Wegg's poetry, Mr. Venus's hopeless love, — and can you say of one of them that the humour, rich and inimitable as it is, is the index of any deep passion lying beneath? The truth about Mr. Dickens seems to us to be that, looking to the greatness of his achievements as a humourist, it is singular how very little of passion there is in him. There is more passion in Charles Lamb, there is infinitely more passion in Dr. Johnson, than in Dickens. It is true that his melodramatic efforts are often very effectively worked up, — that the murder of Mr. Tigg in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, for instance, and the craven panic of Jonas Chuzzlewit, show considerable power, but it is anything but the power of true passion; it is the power of melodrama consciously adding stroke after stroke to the desired effect.

That Dickens's moral influence has been, on the whole, healthy and good we heartily believe. It has been certainly profoundly humane. The hatred of cruelty diffused through the wonderful picture of Dotheboy's Hall is alone sufficient to earn him the gratitude of all English-speaking peoples. The feeling expressed towards a different kind of cruelty, that of Steerforth the seducer, in *David Copperfield*, is equally sincere, though less effective. And the hatred of cruelty is not more keen than the contempt for hypocrisy in the narrower sense, — such hypocrisy as Pecksniff's, or even mere pompous humbug like Podsnap's, — but here the humourist not unfrequently swallows up the moralist, and his delight in the grand incoherency of human nature often overpowers his scorn of falsehood. Still, the last moral service we should think of ascribing to Dickens's literary influence would be the diffusion of a genuine reverence for absolute sincerity and realism. The great writer himself falls into the most mawkish and unreal sentimentalism. Half the geniality which is supposed to be Mr. Dickens's great merit is the most vulgar good-humour of temperament, — a strong disposition to approve the distribution of punch and plum-pudding, slap men heartily on the back, and kiss pretty woman behind doors. Mr. Wardle in *Pickwick*, and to a considerable extent Mr. Pickwick himself,

represents the sort of generosity which is elevated into a gospel in the Christmas Tales, the *Christmas Carol*, and the others. The melodrama of Scrooge's conversion from miserliness to generosity contains a thoroughly vulgar and poor moral. But the gospel of geniality is better than the caressing sort of praise lavished on spoony young men and women simply because they are spoony, in those multitudinous passages tending to excite nausea, of which type is the blessing pronounced over Ruth Pinch because she frequents the fountain in the Temple, is in love with John Westlake, and makes a rumpsteak pie with some deftness.

Mr. Dickens has brought people to think that there is a sort of piety in being gushing and maudlin, — and this is anything but a useful contribution to the morality of the age. His picture of the domestic affections, which Lord Dufferin calls the strong point of his teaching, seems to us very defective in simplicity and reserve. It is not really English, and tends to modify English family feeling in the direction of theatric tenderness and an impulsiveness wholly wanting in self-control.

In one word, it seems to us that Mr. Dickens's highest and lowest moral influences arise from the same cause, his wonderful genius for caricature. All vices arising from *simple* motives he makes contemptible and hideous, — avarice, cruelty, selfishness, hypocrisy, especially religious hypocrisy. But then he has a great tendency to make the corresponding virtues ludicrous too, by his over-coloured sentiment. The brothers Cheeryble always seem to be rubbing their hands from intense brotherly love; the self-abandonment of Tom Pinch is grotesque; the elaborate self-disguise of Mr. Boffin as a miser in order to warn Bella Wilfer of her danger, is an insult to both the reason and conscience of the reader; and Mr. Dickens's saints, like that Agnes in *David Copperfield* who insists on pointing upwards, are invariably detestable. His morality concentrates itself on the two strong points we have named, a profound horror of cruelty and a profound contempt for humbug; but Mr. Dickens has no fine perception for the inward shades of humbug, — relaxed and cosseted emotions.

His greatest service to English literature will, after all, be not his high morality, which is altogether wanting in delicacy of insight, but in the complete harmlessness and purity of the immeasurable humour into which he moulds his enormous stores of acute observation. Almost all creative humourists tend to the impure — like Swift

and Smollett, even Fielding. On the other hand, there are plenty of pure humourists who are not creative, who take the humour out of themselves and only apply it to what passes, like Charles Lamb and Sydney Smith. But Dickens uses his unlimited powers of observation to create for himself original fields of humour, and crowds grotesque and elaborate detail around the most happy conceptions, without ever being attracted for a moment towards any prurient or unhealthy field of laughter. Thus, as by far the most popular and amusing of all English writers, he provides almost unlimited food for a great people without infusing any really dangerous poison into it. In this way, doubtless, he has done us a service which can scarcely be over-estimated. Nor do we see that his fame is likely to gain by making for him any false claim on our gratitude. His true claim, if *correctly* stated, scarcely can be over-stated; but still it is very easily mis-stated, and is usually grossly mis-stated, as it seems to us, in those solemn acts of public idolatry by which we are inarticulately endeavouring to express our pride in his fame, and our ambition for its permanence.

Spectator, June 26th.

#### THE GERMAN FLEET.

WE cannot imagine why English journals should always treat the German desire for a fleet with such ill-concealed contempt. The *Times* in particular seems to think there is something in some way ludicrous in the idea of a German Navy, that the wish to possess men-of-war and dockyards is a sort of sentimental craze which the nation has got into its head, and will lead to nothing except a vast expenditure of money. It describes the new Port of Jähde, or Wilhelmshaven, just opened by the King-President, very fairly as a grand triumph of engineering, acknowledges that the Prussian Government has accomplished its end at marvellously little cost, states honestly that North Germany can supply thirty-five thousand sailors, exaggerates the persistence with which the Germans have striven to obtain maritime strength, but still seems to think that the motive power which has evolved all this persistence, and energy, and liberality is neither more nor less than a whim. A dreamy race has set its heart upon a dream. The truth is that although there is a "dreamy," or rather an imaginative, side to the German desire for maritime power, there is

also a highly practical one, one such as average Londoners can thoroughly comprehend. The merchant navy of North Germany is growing to high importance, it is present in every sea, and up to the present time it has been almost unprotected. A Republic like Chili, with its two or three ironclads, might have declared war upon North Germany, and have swept her seaborne trade from the ocean, and it would have been impossible to secure directly either redress or reprisals. A fleet cannot be improvised, and Germany would have had either to put up with the wrong or to go begging to some third power for its alliance, in order to punish a foe who, but for the sea, would in a month have been reduced to accept any terms the adversary might dictate. That is not a position which any self-respecting nation is called upon to tolerate, more especially a nation which yearly sends out more emigrants than Great Britain, — which longing, and justifiably longing, to spread its people, its language, its literature, as widely as we have done, yet finds its surplus strength yearly absorbed to increase the power, the wealth, and the pride of a branch of the English-speaking race. There is a positive crave for colonies in North Germany, which may seem to a public, just now half inclined to strip itself of empire as of too cumbrous a garment, very unwise indeed, but which seems to us to indicate a growing strength and vitality. Must all mankind be flung into one crucible to come out Yankees? These emigrants who pour in such myriads into Ohio and Illinois, marching every year into the far West in an army more numerous than that which won Sadowa, could, did Prussia possess an Australia, or a South Africa, or a Canada, or any one of the grand possessions of which we are just now so contemptuous, found a new Germany, and to a German a new Germany naturally seems a grand good to the world. It would, we also concede, be a grand good to the world. We believe in our own people, when well restrained, as the race of all others most apt in founding empires; but among all the evils visible in the near future, the reduction of the world under the dominion of one race, one language, one set of ideas, seems to us almost the most grave. Better Chinese and Anglo-Saxons, than Anglo-Saxons only in the world, and it is towards the latter alternative that events seem to be drifting fast. The French do not multiply; the Russians do not colonize, and have not yet accepted civilization; the Italians spread only on the Plate; the Spaniards,

after filling a continent, are unable to control their own Indian subjects; Scandinavia is exhausted, Holland over-weighted by one colony, Greece unable to rescue her children from an Asiatic horde; nothing is advancing except the Anglo-Saxon power, which gains territories and people sufficient for a new kingdom in every fresh decade. There are ten millions more of us in the world than there were in 1851, and probably thrice as many more acres brought under cultivation. The only race able, as well as worthy, to be its counterpoise, to introduce new colour into the monotonous expanse, to build a civilization away from home as grand as that which the home already maintains, is the German, the only people, except our own, yearly flinging off swarms; and we, for one, most cordially hope that it may succeed.

It cannot succeed without a fighting fleet, and Germany would be wise to build one, to spend millions upon harbours, and to honour marine as highly as military capacity, even were her direct interests less immediately involved. They are, however, of the highest importance. It is not her interest that Dantzic should be exposed to bombardment, or Hamburg to occupation; that the Baltic should be a Russian lake, and the sea she christens open to every fleet but her own; that her only access to the Black Sea, even in war, should be by land, and that she should have no access at all to the Mediterranean except by Austrian favour. She needs a fleet for her protection, as much as any power in the world except ourselves, and far more than many, far more than France, for example, which is not exposed to the danger of seeing half her coast locked up by Russian aggression. With a German fleet in existence, the conquest of Scandinavia by the Czars is impossible; without it, it may be a mere question of time, or of the occurrence of European complications. So far from the creation of a fleet being to Germany a whim, it is a pressing necessity for her development and her security, and the Hohenzollerns are advancing on to a just and wise end, with even more than their usual energy and thrift. They have acquired in Schleswig-Holstein, provinces which can supply all the resources they need in men, a race of sailors as good as our own, indeed, almost identical with our own,—men already to be found in every merchant service and war navy throughout the world; they have in the Baltic as fine a training-ground for sailors as any nation could desire; they have in Jahde a central and sufficient naval arsenal; they have iron, forests, machinists, engi-

neers, and, above all, an administration which can use all these resources without the thriftless waste to which habit has accustomed a people by nature slightly contemptuous of economy. Just think what we should have spent on the port which the Government of Berlin has finished for less than two millions sterling, one-fifth the cost of the Abyssinian war. There exists no reason whatever, if Germans like to endure a moderate increase of taxation, why Germany should not in ten years possess a fleet as strong as that of any power in Europe except Great Britain, able to maintain her independence in the Baltic, to protect her trade against any power except England or America, or to form an important element of success in any Continental war. Those objects may not seem to Manchester men to justify the expenditure, but to Germans who are longing to obtain in the world the great place which they have already obtained in Europe, to make themselves felt in human history, and not only in the history of Germany; who are weary of an isolation from the world's business, which always dwarfs and enfeebles a national character,—the creation of an effective fleet will seem one more of the hundred beneficial results following from Sadowa.

But we shall be told a German Fleet, if ever it becomes strong, will reduce *pro tanto* the predominance, possibly even the security, of Great Britain. Not one whit more, indeed very much less, than the increase which has gone on for twenty years in the maritime power of America and France. It is not by the division of maritime power into many hands, but by its concentration in one or two, that our security is endangered, more especially when the new power is one of the very few, is, perhaps, the only one, which has interests identical with our own. No other has equal cause to dread both France and Russia, to protect Italy and Scandinavia, to maintain a strict police of the seas, and to keep the three great salt-water lakes of Europe, with their narrow entrances, open to all mankind. No other has the same motive for desiring colonies, or could so easily be brought to agree with us upon a general colonial policy, or has so great and direct an interest in the ultimate solution of the problem which we call the Eastern question, and which involves, among other trifles, the reversionary property in the valley of the Lower Danube. By every circumstance of history, natural aspiration, and geographical position, Germany is our natural ally, while should events ever force us into collision, her fleet will be our security for moderation. Till

recently, we had about as much power of attacking Prussia as of attacking another planet; but with every new ship, every fresh port, every new dockyard, Prussia drifts more and more within the range of our Armstrongs, and the best guarantee for alliance is the mutual respect of the allies.

From The Spectator

#### THE CROWN AND NEW ZEALAND.

It would be a very curious instance of the irony of history, if Lord Granville, the one minister of all others in recent Cabinets who has earned the highest and best-deserved reputation for unwavering political courtesy, should prove to be the minister whose ill-timed harshness of phrase and recklessness of insinuation, coinciding, as they unfortunately must do, with an almost unparalleled harshness of policy, had goaded into secession the first colony of Great Britain which had asserted its independence for more than a hundred years. Yet we gravely fear that this may be the result, and we fear it upon grounds which we will proceed to state to our readers. The *Pall Mall* of Tuesday, writing in what looks like a self-imposed ignorance of almost all the freshest data for forming a judgment, treats this threat as an idle and unmeaning menace. In so doing it shows less than its usual good taste in deliberately misreporting (for the sake of an ineffective sarcasm) what we had said of the protest of certain eminent New Zealand colonists now resident in England, a protest which, if it had been "full of irresistible eloquence," as the *Pall Mall* erroneously asserts that it had learned from us (at a date, too, when the protest in question was already an old document, having appeared in the previous morning's news), would certainly not have been what we did call it "weighty," but a very unfit document for its purpose. There is surely something very perverted in the relation of England to her Colonies when it becomes a kind of feather in the cap of the most courteous of ministers to send out a despatch which not only refuses needful aid, but does so in a manner studiously irritating and contemptuous, and when any English journal which forms an independent opinion favourable to any of the claims of our colonists is sneeringly branded as their "organ," and that in spite of very many criticisms far from agreeable to the colony, by its English contemporaries. There is a sort of lust of scorn for British Colonies when in difficul-

ties, coming upon both our statesmen and our organs of public opinion. The Native Minister in New Zealand in his recent very able letter to the *Times* said very justly that if England had at last determined to withdraw all aid from her colonies, it was at least her first duty to treat them with that respectful consideration, that earnest wish to put the most favourable construction on their words and actions, which is the tradition of the Foreign Office in relation to independent States. So far is this from being the case, that the most courteous and amiable of our ministers accompanies his refusal of the request of New Zealand with utterly gratuitous insinuations of baseness, and the journals which even venture to advocate the policy of limited aid, feel it incumbent on them to show in every line a lofty contempt for "colonial aspirations."

Now, what is the present state of feeling in New Zealand, — a state of feeling, be it remembered, on which Lord Granville's very unhappy and utterly unjustifiable despatch has yet to operate, for it cannot be published in the colony till the beginning of next month? At the last advices, the peremptory order for the recall of the last regiment quartered in New Zealand had just been received, an order which will operate far more injuriously as a public notification to the Maori rebels than the Queen has withdrawn her favour from the colonists, and as a proclamation to the colonists of the real indifference of the Colonial Office to the imminent peril of the Northern island, than it will by any positive diminution of the military strength of the colonists. The withdrawal of this last regiment was, in fact, regarded as a moral demonstration both by rebels and settlers. The Maoris have always said, "We do not pick up our shell-fish till the tide ebbs;" and the settlers, who, looking at the matter from the very same point of view, have entreated the Home Government to leave them this one regiment, if only for its moral effect against the Maoris, regard this imperious rather than imperial refusal as a plain way of saying, "Really, whether you are massacred or not, is a matter of no conceivable interest to Her Majesty's Government!" Well, what was the actual effect of this news on the colony? Mr. Justice Richmond, one of the most reticent, and one of the very ablest of the statesmen of New Zealand, who has himself held high office in difficult days, and knows as well as any man what ministerial responsibility means, had just taken occasion in charging the Grand Jury at Nelson (in the Middle island) to comment on this news in reference to its prob-

able bearing on the criminal law of New Zealand.

He remarked that if it should be determined,—the decision in the Jamaica case had not yet reached New Zealand,—that an indemnity Act passed by a colonial legislature would be disregarded by the interpreters of the Imperial Statute Book, cases would immediately and necessarily arise in New Zealand,—denuded as she was about to be of all Imperial help,—under which the settlers would become liable to English penalties for defending themselves against the rebels of the Northern island in the only manner which might seem to them effectual, and that such improvised self-defence would not be legalized by any colonial indemnity. (In point of fact, we regret to say, the case supposed has already arisen, as Mr. Wylie and his friends at Poverty Bay have put to death, without the form of trial, two natives “known,” as the papers say,—that is, believed by their executioners on evidence more or less good,—to be stained with the massacre of their fellow-countrymen.) But Mr. Justice Richmond went on with these remarkable words, which have been already received with the most emphatic approbation by the press of the colony:—“If the news was true that he [the judge] had heard that morning, there would be devolved upon the colony the responsibilities of an independent State. *But if we are to have the responsibilities, we must have the powers of an independent State. We must be allowed to meet the urgent necessities of our position by such measures as we may here deem expedient and just. He could not doubt that English statesmen would see the fairness of such a demand.*” This grave expression of judicial feeling had been received with boundless approbation in the colony, whose organs of opinion, indulging the highest indignation against the Imperial Government, were already talking in this style,—we quote from the *Nelson Examiner* of the 13th March:—“If the colony is treated as threatened by the Home Government; and Ministers, and Parliament, and the people of England, imbued with the shopkeeping policy of the Manchester school of politicians, stand coolly and see their countrymen butchered by savages, their wives and children dragged from their beds at night and cruelly murdered, their homesteads given to the flames, and their flocks and herds driven away and slaughtered, and from a miserable parsimoniousness refuse to give any kind of succour, then on England will rest a foul shame. . . . It has been the evident policy of the British Government for some time to lessen

the ties which bind her offspring to her, and it may become a question for New Zealand to consider what value the connection with the mother country has for it. . . . If it be the desire of those who govern England to get rid of her colonies altogether, better propose it openly. Then we might part on terms of friendship never afterwards, we may hope, to be disturbed. But to alienate the affection of the colonists from the mother country is to sow seeds of bitterness that may bear fruit of disaster both for parent and offspring. England has had one lesson of this. We hope her conduct towards her colonies will never cause her to receive a second.” And the *Southern Cross*, a daily Auckland paper, advocates outlawing the whole of Te Kooti’s party as “rebel murderers,” without the slightest reference to the opinion of England, urging that it is “necessary that we should in some way shake off this bugbear of England’s interference.”

When on a colonial opinion thus painfully excited there falls the inflaming spark of Lord Granville’s despatch, what can we expect to follow? The settlers will then find that the English minister most justly famed for his conciliatory manners and his width of Liberal feeling, not only peremptorily declines to help New Zealand by any financial aid, just after by withdrawing the last English regiment, at the very crisis of their difficulties, he has still more peremptorily refused any other kind of aid, moral or physical; but he couples this refusal with a series of statements, some of them ludicrously careless and mistaken, others careful enough, but careful only in their mischievous insinuations of evil against the settlers, and all couched in a tone of deliberate sympathy and commiseration towards the natives, and deliberate distrust and suspicion of the colonists. Thus Lord Granville says that the step which led to the first Taranaki war in 1860 was “taken entirely in the interests and with the approval of the colonists,” and he throws out an insinuation that it was inconsistent with the obligations of the Imperial Government to the natives, stating that it was “blamed by some” on that ground, the tone of the despatch evidently leaning to the opinion of the “some” thus quoted. In point of fact, this was not so. Colonel Gore Browne thought the step one of simple justice to certain native proprietors who were, as he held, unjustly restrained from dealing with their own lands. The dispute had led to native murders, and a bloody feud was imminent between the opposing native tribes. The former determined to put a stop to this

state of things in discharge of his imperial duty, and the native minister of the day insisted at the time in his minute on the origin of the war on the entire absence of any responsibility on the part of the colonists for what had been done. The colonists, he said, with perfect accuracy, "have never had the direction of native policy or *even suggested* the acts of the Imperial Government in its relations with the natives." Yet this was the real origin of the war which has been either smouldering or active ever since, — an act done by an Imperial officer in the interests of the natives themselves, for which interests he alone was responsible, quite as much as in that of the colonists.

Again, Lord Granville says that the result of this war, the expense of which was partly borne by the Imperial Government, was to break the power of the leading tribe of the rebel Maories. This, again, is quite erroneous. The Ngatimanipotos, the leading tribe, is still in arms against the settlers, and its power quite unbroken. Lord Granville adds that since the year 1857 the colonists have increased in number from 49,800 to 218,500, but of this last number some 50,000 are immigrant gold-miners in the Middle island, who are about as amenable to a New Zealand militia law as California Yankees; and of the rest, much more than half are inhabitants of the Middle island, who regard themselves, and as far as we see justly, as far less responsible, pecuniarily and personally, for the defence of the settlers of the Northern island than Englishmen at home. Why should they be taxed more than £5 a head to defend fellow-colonists whose dangers they do not share and whose help they do not need, when England disavows all such obligations?

Lord Granville goes on to point out that England has transferred to the colony no obligation whatever "except that imposed on all of us by natural justice not to appropriate the property of others," a deliberate insinuation that this is the temptation to which the settlers of New Zealand are specially liable. Finally, he adds, what is the exact contrary of the fact, that the native obligations were transferred by the Home Government to the colony, "in compliance with the direct and indirect demands of the colonists," — and this, though the House of Assembly recorded a formal protest against it, to which the Duke of Newcastle replied in February, 1863, that the consent of the colony was not requisite, and the obligations of the Crown to the natives would

be transferred to the colony in spite of its protest. Finally, Lord Granville closes this coldly irritating despatch by remarking that the present dangers of New Zealand are due, if not to the sins of the colonists against the natives, at least to the adoption of a policy which could not but appear to the natives to be injurious to them.

Thus the despatch accumulates misrepresentations and sneers at the colonists, hints that they wish to rob the natives still, hints that they have probably done so with some system hitherto, and prints these accumulated misrepresentations and sneers as the defence of the Home Government for not guaranteeing a penny to a colony all but insolvent, and one portion of which is in a sort of death-struggle with rebels whom this despatch will stimulate into new activity. Can we doubt that, looking to the state of mind in which the colony was before this dangerous and injurious despatch was sent out, we shall have at least a vigorous popular movement for independence of the power which, instead of lending the settlers help in trouble, sneers at them as it calls its last soldier back? For our parts, we expect a serious demand for independence, which we do not see how Great Britain can refuse, unless she is prepared to alter her policy very materially. New Zealand gains at present absolutely *nothing* from her connection with England, except a remote chance of naval defence against any foreign power in time of war, while in independence of action she loses much. And we should expect that this demand for independence will be followed by an application for a protectorate to some other power, — say, the United States of America or Prussia.

Will this be really welcome to the English people? Has our imperial feeling already vanished so utterly, that we shall look on with indifference while one of our colonies, which we have most systematically snubbed, maligned, and despised, politely tells us that freedom from our rule is a good deal better than its yoke, and that some substantial help from others would be better than either? For our parts, we confess we are puerile enough to feel that such an event would be even more fatal to English pride and strength than a "foreign invasion," that it would be an occasion for bitter self-humiliation and self-reproach. Is it possible that those who make it their cardinal policy to satisfy the reasonable conditions of self-respect in Ireland, should make it their secondary policy to shame and mortify our Colonial Empire?

Spectator, June 26th.

## MOTHER MARGARET.\*

THIS life seems scarcely to belong to the nineteenth century at all. We rub our eyes, and wonder if we read its dates aright, or if we have been carried back to those remote ages in which any nucleus of light was apparently intensified by the surrounding darkness. It is a curious history, and we think any one who could read it without the deepest interest, has made but small progress in psychological study; there are rich layers of thought which we stumble upon at every turn, while threading labyrinths of language so dense in its superstitiousness, that we stop to wonder at the rank luxuriance of almost pagan credulity which has contrived to grow side by side, without choking the development of an intensely clear faith, on soil rich in all the deepest elements of Christian spirituality.

The career of Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan was no ordinary one; the orphan child of indigent Irish parents, her earliest years were spent in service. When about twenty, she entered the household of a family with whom for twenty years she lived, fifteen of them being passed in Belgium. There she placed herself under the guidance of a confessor, noted apparently as widely for the severity of his direction, as for his piety and spiritual discernment; but though believing that she owed much to his advice, and yielding to him implicit obedience, the inner and outer life of the future "Mother Margaret" was being moulded by other influences. The family with whom she lived fell into straitened circumstances, and Margaret's genuine nobility of heart and purpose instantly met the emergency; for years she discharged the entire domestic service, "nursing more than one member of the family through dangerous sickness," or (as on another occasion) "in a moment of urgency undertaking the journey to England to settle some pressing affair of the family, crossing over to Margate one day and returning the next, and during all this time never remitting the austerities she practiced towards herself, or her abundant deeds of charity towards the poor of Bruges. At the age of twenty-two she had taken the vow of chastity, and from that time appears to have "adopted a style of dress intended as the outward token of her having renounced all prospect of worldly settlement." Yet no thought of a career other than that of humble labour seems at that time to have crossed her mind, and it

was, she always maintained, the highest to which any one could be called.

We cannot even briefly trace the current of events which at length severed her from her Belgian life, and landed her once more in England; but it was at the end of April, 1842, she found herself bound by her vow of obedience to act under Dr. Ullathorne's direction at Coventry, and gazed round upon the crowded streets on faces which she describes as "looking like so many lumps of flesh without souls,—the very atmosphere seemed full of sin." As she stood in the priest's parlour at Coventry, "a poor, helpless, friendless, homeless, penniless woman, her position seemed humble enough; more desolate still, in the small kitchen which she shared with the priest's old housekeeper, whose crabbed temper did not brighten the prospect; but after a few months she had collected a school of two hundred girls, had found out all the sick poor belonging to Dr. Ullathorne's church, and had already acquired very considerable influence over the young factory women and weavers. One of those rarely gifted beings who consciously or unconsciously influence all with whom they come in contact, Margaret never lacked helpers in any of her little schemes, and while piece by piece her plan for establishing convents, hospitals, and orphanages in connection with the Dominican Order was being carried out, she went through all the successive stages of that huge labour with an ease and a directness which might furnish valuable hints as to the breadth and depth of the capacity for action in any one life in which the element of self has been utterly renounced. She did not rest till far and wide convents of her order were springing up, with schools and hospitals attached, and the white habit of St. Dominic became familiar in many parts of England. With that external work of hers we have no sympathy. The fierce spirit of St. Dominic had in nowise become softened, when it looked out even through those eyes generally so tender and so wise. To come to a Protestant country was, in her own language, "like coming to hell;" the government of that country was "infidel." Clear in her own belief that there could be no salvation outside the pale of the Roman Catholic Church, with *one side of her mind* she held and taught that Church's creed in its least enlightened and most grossly superstitious form. Images were her delight, an image of the Virgin which she possessed was loved and worshipped with an ardour which found expression in the wildest vagaries. In her zeal to procure a religious procession in its honour, she timidly asks Dr. Ullathorne

\* *Mother Margaret.* London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer. 1869.

(who must have had some compunction as he complied), "Don't you think Our Lady would like a walk round the church? and then 'has her heart consoled' by seeing the Bishop 'in full canonicals follow the holy image.'"

Of the reserved Sacrament, kept in an humble chest in the convent, she writes, "What miracle can equal the most adorable Sacrament! A God with us! A God in dirt and rags! left in that solitude by his own creatures . . ." She was opposed to the spread of science, and considered all offers of Government help in the matter of education "a bait from the Devil," and used to observe she knew religious who were entrapped before they knew, and who could not meditate or say a Pater or an Ave *without parsing it*. Images, relics, and rosaries had in her eyes, or rather, we might say, in one of her eyes, miraculous power. Singularly enough, with the other side of her she "could not comprehend religious persons requiring a book to enable them to converse with God." "To use a book all the time of meditation," she says, "is very idle. The time of meditation is to be a time of *work*, a time for laying all your wants before our Lord, and asking His grace for all your needs. If you could do nothing else all the time but say to our God, 'Lord, teach me to pray; Lord, teach me humility!' the time would be well spent." Then, with a sudden descent to material help, she adds, "Take the image of your crucified God into your hands, and you will learn everything." Yet to a young religious she would write, "If our soul goes to God immediately we put ourselves in prayer, we need no images, for we have the reality. If one word suffice for your prayer, keep to that word, and whatever short sentence will unite your heart with God. He is not found in multiplicity, but in simplicity of thoughts and words." There was a cumbrous superstructure of superstition, no doubt, but we turn from it with pleasure to these manifestations of a higher inner life in one of the most remarkable women of whom it has been our lot to read. "She had," writes Dr. Ullathorne, "the gift of infusing her own spirit into her disciples. She could impart to them not only of her light, but of her life and character," and he adds the pregnant remark that "the amount and force of vitality in a soul are tested by this power of communicability to other souls." Margaret's inner spiritual life had been fed by contemplation, which never hindered the work of her hands. Indeed, throughout her life we find "she always showed a cer-

tain suspicion of the vocation of those who made a supposed attraction for prayer and recollection stand in the way of a cheerful application to humble labour. To a novice-mistress who was in doubt as to the vocation of one such subject she gave the following brief direction:—"It is not every one who says 'Lord, Lord,' who is fit for the kingdom of heaven; she will be put into the kitchen, that will try her best;" "the said kitchen," pithily adds the sister who edits this life, "being a sad cross to all concerned, in consequence of its incurable smokiness."

"God alone," was Margaret's motto, and the guiding thought of her life. When deeply tried at Bruges, her soul passing through a very crucible of desolation and temptation, she finds, as a life-long result, that "when God Himself is touching and purifying a soul, it is vain, and even injurious, to seek aid from creatures."

"Persons under such trials," she said, "must go to God, and God alone. The less they speak of their troubles to any human being the better. When God afflicts the soul no one can console it, and if they try to do so, they only do harm and increase the suffering. When I was in that state, I sometimes thought I would try and get some consolation from my confessor, but I always found it made matters worse. I was perhaps misunderstood even by holy and spiritual men, and my soul became quite upset. How could it be otherwise? It is God Himself, at such times, who is touching the soul on some point, and no human creature can give it ease. The only thing is to go on straight in the dark, and act as purely as you can, even though at the time you may *feel* as if you had neither faith, hope, nor charity."

The key-note was here to much of that deep sympathy with mental suffering among her novices which she met with such consummate skill. "Seek rather the God of consolation than the consolation of God," she writes to one; to another, "We cannot know Christ unless we practise Christ;" but morbid self-examination she invariably discouraged, not without a strong touch of humour sometimes, as when she writes to one over-occupied with her own spiritual state, "Always busy with self; if you could but forget there was such a nasty thing in the world! I never think of praying for you in particular, because I feel sure you never forget yourself." One of these young novices, whom Margaret evidently suspected of hidden vanity in the display of her interior woes, was not a little mortified by the good mother's interrupting her with "Look at these fowls; they'll have up every one of the garden seeds, if you don't

go and chase them out." And "she had to leave the concerns of her soul to go and chase away the intruders." "Cease all that self-examination," she writes at another time, "it keeps you more busy with yourself than with God."

Some generous act of self-renunciation or self-conquest went further with her than any sentimental devotion, and she was wont often to quote Dr. Ullathorne's advice, that "religious should dismiss from their vocabulary the words 'uncomfortable' and 'impossible.'" How deep the wisdom of such advice may best be known by those who have tried to make head against the special devil of the nineteenth century. When she passed through East London and saw its closely massed population in some of its aspects of degrading squalor, it was at a moment when about to undertake a delightfully situated orphanage at Walthamstow. She had accepted the work with pleasure on behalf of some of the sisters, but with the remembrance of so much misery fresh in her mind, she exclaimed, "But, my Lord, can't you send us to *some dirty place*?" Certainly, she had not forgotten the maxim she loved so well, "First put in the spirit of Christ, and then the spirit of the rule on that;" and it is a worthy study to trace the grasp by which her spirit seemed to take hold of God, and in the strength of which she lived, high above the superstitions to which with one side of her nature she clung so tenaciously. Speaking at one moment of the necessity for having the Sacrament reserved in the convent, she could write, "I never feel courage till we have our Lord in the house;" at another, with reference to the religious visiting the poor, could say, "It is a difficult thing sometimes to get our sisters to go out of the convent; they none of them like to leave our Lord." At another time, to one who had been making what she thought a paltry chest for the purpose of containing the Sacrament, "Take it away; mind, child, you never put your God into a thing like that." Page after page we are reminded of one of Mr. Browning's happiest lines:—

"We see the error; but *above*  
The scope of error see the love."

For there was an inner self here, which somehow saw through the gross symbolism so revolting to our minds, and never rested

on the external rite save as she believed it brought her nearer to God. "Contemplation," she writes, at another moment, "does not mean kneeling down and saying long prayers, but it means the union of the soul with God." And to one who restlessly longed to shirk the responsibilities of her position, and give herself up to a life of prayer, she says:—

"All devotion that does not make us more active in the duties of our state is a delusion. God Himself is order, and all His works are orderly. Believe me, my dear Sister, you are called to work much for God, and that love is deceitful which would not work and suffer for the object beloved. No doubt your husband and children, next to God, are your first care, your indoor servants next, and all those over whom God has given you authority. You will not lose the spirit and relish of prayer by this; it will increase, and you will find in action what you have been looking for in rest."

None the less did she say, recording her daily experience through scenes of no ordinary difficulty, "Truly, prayer is my light." There were other features in Mother Margaret's nature little known during her lifetime to any but herself and God. Extraordinary power to organize, control, and influence, epigrammatic language, racy humour, and solid piety, blent with wisdom and tenderness, were visible enough; but if "the mark of rank in Nature is capacity for pain," she did not lack the badge; her cheerfulness never failed her; she could work, suffer, and be silent; and few who saw the calm brow and bright eyes lighted up with humour or full of irresistible tenderness, dreamed of the hours passed in excruciating physical pain.

One morning a sister went early to her cell to ask leave on account of some indisposition to absent herself from the morning office. Entering unperceived, she found Mother Margaret standing erect washing the wounds which, at that time, covered her whole person, praying aloud, as she did so, for strength to get through the duties and fatigues of the day. It is needless to suggest that the sister withdrew unobserved, without preferring her request. Probably in that moment she learned a lesson which answered many a prayer. We have done but scant justice to the volume before us; its essence evaporates even in the process of condensation.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

## SOLA.

## I.

ONCE, two hundred years ago, or more, perhaps, in an old Italian city where the workers knead their clay in the sun and set it drying along the walls of the deserted streets, some workman designed an open dish. It may have been meant as a gift for a betrothed maiden; it may have been ordered by a fanciful customer. There was a rough garland of citron and green leaves all round about the edge, and then came a scroll-work of oranges, and then, in the centre of the platter, two clasped right hands and a scroll upon which "sola" was written. The dish was old and chipped, the varnish was covered with a fine network of hair-like cracks; but neither time, nor cracks, nor infidelity, could unclasp the two hands firmly grasping each other through the long ages. Strangers speaking a different tongue still guessed that sola meant the only one—a life's fidelity: for though they spoke another language, yet there is a silent language belonging to no particular time, or age, or place, and which all sorts of people can understand: although it is true there are many respectable persons who have not an idea of what this unspoken language means. There was but one person in Harpington Hall who had learnt it.

I do not know how the plate had come to be one of the ornaments of the old china cupboard in the morning-room. There it stood on the faded old shelf in the old grey room, looking eastward, with the spindle-legged chairs standing against the panels, the faded Turkey rug before the fireplace, the two deep window-sills, where Felicia used to sit a blooming little girl in the midst of these ancient appurtenances. One almost wondered where the child found her youth, her bright colours, her gay spirits; she was like a little Phoenix rising out of the ashes at Harpington. The old Hall was haunted by ashes and dust and rats; by all sorts of ghosts, and sad memories of

the past. The poor old couple's dead childrens' pictures hung up in the mother's room; Mr. Marlow's gun was slung up in the dining-room; the stables were empty; the state-rooms were closed. Sometimes if people asked her to show them over the house, Mrs. Marlow would take them quickly round from one great wooden room to another, and perhaps stop for an instant at the china cupboard, and point out the plate as a quaint old piece of Italian ware, and then shut the glass doors quickly. She had a nervous, hasty manner, and never seemed to be quite in the same mind as other people; but in a world of her own and her husband's. Mr. Marlow did not certainly care either for cracked china or sentiment; it was only Felicia, the granddaughter, who had sometimes wondered as she looked at the lemon wreath and the grasping fingers, what it all meant. "Sola," clasped hands—it seemed very meaningless to her until one day, when her eyes were opened, she understood once for all.

When Felicia was fifteen she was told by her grandparents that she was engaged to her cousin, James Marlow, a gentle, good-humoured little fellow, who was to be master after the old Squire's death. The old Squire made some broad jokes on the occasion; Mrs. Marlow treated the business in a very dry, off-hand way. James took it as a matter of course, and went back to college, and Felicia remained on at the Hall.

The way of life in the old house was a close and narrow way, not leading to salvation, though year by year Mr. Marlow added more and more to his store, and counted up with much satisfaction various items of moth and dust, calculating the amounts of his various investments. They were largely eked out by his own personal discomfort, and that of those belonging to him; Felicia's little shoes were rubbed out at the toes, the price of her new ones went to the Michigan Stocks. Mrs. Marlow's

Sunday dress was shining with age, but the five guineas a new one might cost were safe in the bank. Loneliness, stinginess, self-denial, and denials of every sort, had added to a moderate fortune until it was now a large one. That trembling, bandy-legged old fellow, with his gaiters and felt hat, did not look much like a speculator, but such he had been, in fact. He was sly, he was dull, he had been lucky. His wife had sympathized in his ventures, and the narrow economies of the household had been begun by her years ago. Now Mr. Marlow was old and timid, and afraid of loss. He speculated no more, but still, from habit, the two ground down life to its narrowest compass. Such people would like to prevent the sun from rising so early for fear of wasting its heat; they would only have leaves on the alternate branches of the trees, or keep the autumnal sprays over for another year. But they could not prevent nature from being bountiful, and lovely, and wasteful, and from flooding Felicia's life with youth, with sunshine, with full fresh country winds and scents, and wild girlish spirits, to all of which she turned more readily than to the house-stinting and scraping her grandmother tried to teach her. All the summer-time she was happy, wandering about the deserted gardens, where the straggling flower-beds travelled over the ill-kept lawns; the great elms gave shade upon the grasses and the laurels. The little chestnut trees in the wood, where the birds hid their nests, rustled and trembled, now and then dividing their close branches to give a sight of the tranquil furrows in the spreading fields, beyond where the great elms were sailing like ships at sea.

The house, with its high sloping roof, stood on a hill, and might be seen for miles. From the front blistered door, with its stone steps, an avenue ran down to the road. There was an old gateway, of which the iron doors stood always open. The ivy had crept up in slender sprays, covering the hinges, and hiding the brickwork, and wreathing over the stone balls at either side of the entrance. One day, Felicia, picking periwinkles in the avenue, tried to imagine a vision of herself at some future day, as a bride, passing through the gate, on her way to the little church close by. Somehow, in this little fancy of Felicia's, she was the bride, scarcely changed, except that her stuff gown was altered to shining satin; but poor James was strangely transformed and metamorphosed. He was a great deal older, taller; he had broad shoulders, and a set straight figure in this

representation; he had a fiery, quick, scornful sort of way, quite unlike his usual gentle manner. The fiery manner softened in the vision when the bridegroom turned to his bride. He was holding her hand close in his. What was it he whispered? something out of the marriage service: "To thee only," "Sola!" Was it James's voice? It was certainly James's voice that Felicia heard in the avenue calling her, "Felicia! Felicia!"

Felicia was seventeen by this time. She had been engaged two years. She started and blushed. She knew she ought not to wish James to be different from what he was. She jumped up hastily from the pile of stones and periwinkles upon which she had been kneeling, dreaming her little love-dream, with her head bent over the flowers. She heard voices. A great dog came running down the avenue, and jumped upon her faded gown; and James, no taller, no more mysterious or romantic looking than usual, came with his grandmother, looking for her down the avenue, to say good-by. "Captain Baxter has been here, Felicia," said the young fellow. "Why did you run away? It is time for me to be off. Good-by, dear; take care of yourself."

"Good-by, dear James," said Felicia, kissing his cheek. "It is you who must take care of yourself; and mind you wear the comforter I knitted you."

"I'll hang it up in my rooms as a trophy," said James; "but a comforter in June, Felicia! They would all laugh at me."

"Laugh—who would laugh?" said Mrs. Marlow, looking away. "You are always thinking what other people will think of you. You know that you must not catch cold. Because your grandfather cannot let you go off to the other end of the world, you neglect the most ordinary precautions."

"My dear grandmamma," said James, "I only told you what the doctor said. I'll wear a dozen comforters, if it pleases Fay, till we meet in Queen Square."

"Oh, James, just think of London!" cried Felicia.

"James,"—this was the old grandfather on the house-step,— "you will miss the train."

"Here I am," cried James, kissing both his grandmother and Felicia, and hurrying off. Only he stopped at the foot of the steps to look a good-by. "London—10th—don't forget," he cried.

Some people said that James, who was of a delicate stock, was ailing for want of care and necessary comforts beyond the

bare allowance his grandfather made him. He never complained, and I am sure it never occurred to Felicia that he should go abroad. She believed her grandmother, who assured her that the doctor was mistaken in ordering another climate—what air was so good as Harpington? Felicia had thriven upon it, and James could come home from college whenever he felt inclined. He was making but a poor thing of his career there. The old lady spoke a little bitterly. Felicia was sorry. She herself sometimes felt angry with the young fellow for the way in which he gave in to the somewhat tyrannical rule of the old people. The girl had been so little away from home that she had no standard by which to measure its ways. She did not care about a brilliant career in the world. She scarcely knew what it meant; but she could not but feel a secret vexation when she saw how completely poor Jim was a cypher in the determined old hands that ruled both their destinies. Felicia, who was wayward and impetuous, sometimes revolted against the discipline in which she was kept; the young fellow never did. It did not much matter whether the children revolted or not, for the grim old couple were not to be stirred from their strange fixed ways by all Felicia's reproaches and girlish demands. The old lady was not even angry with the girl; she had taken her as a child, and brought her up with a vigorous rule, and it was not a quick passionate creature like Felicia who could move that rugged rock.

The way of life in the old house was a close and narrow way, as I have said. In summer Felicia laid up her store of youth and brightness, and her store of love and companionship when James was at home; but the winters were long and dreary. Poor Felicia! How the winter used to pinch and bite her. Her somewhat languid circulation seemed stopped and frozen by the wooden echoes of those long bare passages at Harpington. There was a window looking into a court past which she used to run, giving a wistful glance at the warm-lighted kitchen-window, looking out upon moonlight in winter. The kitchen was the only really comfortable corner in the house,—long wooden passages, stone stairs, up which winds blew shrilly. Some old people did not feel the cold, and Mrs. Marlow was one of them. "Shivering again, Fay?" It was absurd that Felicia should shiver when there was a fire in the dining-room.

Mrs. Marlow's country-house was certainly a dreary place, bare and big and desolate, though the country round about

was lovely. Dreary as it was, it was capable of better things, of warmth, and comfort, and brightness, too. This old house seemed, like its owners, in some fashion once. Stately and grandly built, with all that was wanting for a generous life, and yet, through some stint and poverty of chance, shabby, and closed, and narrow. No one was sheltered there but Jim and Felicia. The pictures of the dead children were hanging carefully guarded in an inner closet; but no new interests had been admitted. The doors opened not to the joys or disappointments of others, but to calculations of interest, and money-getting, and money-saving. It was for this reason Felicia was to marry Jim; for, this, and also because old Marlow hated strangers, and liked his own way, and he had always told his wife that this was to be. One of the young people was indifferent on the subject. This was Felicia, who told James what her grandmother had told her. James, who had seen more of the world, looked at her earnestly and curiously for a minute.

"You must think of it, dear," he said, "and trust in me."

## II.

FELICIA, being now solemnly engaged to be married, had settled that it was time that they should give up keeping rabbits. It seemed a pursuit scarcely consistent with the dignity of a young betrothed couple; and yet from day to day she put off the execution of this stern decree. It was not to be any very tragical transaction, for rabbit-pie, which the Squire affectioned, was a horror and an abomination in Felicia's eyes. Jim had made a private arrangement with a little gardener's boy, who consented, after some bargaining, to accept the unconscious creatures, upon payment of twopence from James. The gardener's boy did not make an unfair bargain: it is the usual charge for giving away rabbits. But besides the twopence, there was also the pang of separation. It must be confessed that Felicia was the most to be pitied on this occasion. The rabbits went on nibbling their salad-leaves to the last moment, nibbling and relishing up to the very edge of the stalk.

"Why don't you keep them?" said James, seeing the girl's eyes full of tears.

"No, I don't want them any more," says Felicia. "Good-by, Puck; good-by Cobweb; good-by, Mustard;" and she stroked the stupid sleek ears, and laid her soft cheek upon them, and kissed them with an affection that was scarcely requited.

It was some joke of her grandfather's

which had determined Felicia to part from her favourites. She had a morbid horror of being laughed at. I think she was deficient in humour, and people who are wanting in fun, as a rule, are those who can least bear being laughed at. James's was a different nature. He used to smile at life. It had been a hard one for him on the whole: weak health, small powers of application, failure, a generous and tender heart, and a narrow meed of love in return. All this did not go to make his fate a very bright one. Little Jim Marlow was a fatalist in his way: he resigned himself to his narrow destiny. As for Felicia, that was a hope too bright for him to reckon on; he never expected to win his cousin's affections, though he did not say so when Felicia came to him that day, saying, "Jim, is it true we are to be engaged?" He loved her so truly that he would have almost consented to give her up if he had felt convinced it would be for her welfare. His nature was so gentle and peaceful, that no thought of himself or of his rights ever seemed to trouble him. Some people worry over their own interests, but he let them alone. Perhaps he had a secret presentiment that there were not many more for him. Reproofs which would have been an indignity almost if they had carried any bitterness with them, he scarcely noticed. He went his own way: he dreamt over his books: Felicia was the one person he loved best in the world, and in her service he would wake up from his dream of peace to face the troubled realities of life; or perhaps I should say from his realities of peace to face the troubled dreams of life; but that is the problem.

"I don't know what you will do without your rabbits, Felicia," said Jim, feeling that this moment had now come for a little good advice. "You will have to take to reading, or music."

"Jim," said Felicia, suddenly turning round, and opening her grey penetrating eyes, "do you know any other young ladies besides me?"

Her cousin blushed up. "I know one or two," he said.

"What are they like?" says Felicia, looking quickly at him, and then again stroking her rabbit. "I suppose they all talk French, and play the piano?"

"Some of them do," said Jim. "Felicia, I wish you knew something of music."

"I am very glad I don't," says Felicia, changing colour. "It's too much trouble."

"I know a Miss Flower who plays all sorts of charming old tunes," said James. "Felicia, I wish you knew her; she does

not live very far from this; though, after all, perhaps you would not like her."

"I hate young ladies," said Felicia. "They are all so silly."

"Only now and then," said James, smiling.

"Is Miss Flower silly?" says Felicia. "I think you are very unkind;" and her grey eyes circled deeper, and she drew herself up slight, white, against the old stable-door.

"Miss Flower may be silly for all I know," said James. "I hope not, for I think some day she will marry a friend of mine—Baxter—you know. She was a cousin of his wife's, she lives with his aunt and his little girl, and he seems very —"

"Shut the door," says Felicia, still very cross. "I hear grandpapa's voice; he will be laughing at my rabbits again."

So James shut the door as he was bid, and the two stood waiting silent in the stable darkness, with the great lines of brightness shining through the joints of the planking, and red lights where the knots were in the rough boards against the windows, while the rabbits went on nibbling and crunching. The empty stalls gloomed dark and mysterious. The two stood silent, waiting for the voices to pass.

"There, you can see the boundary from here," old Marlow was saying, outside. "You can think my offer over, Captain, and let me hear from you in a day or two. The field will make a pretty addition to the farm, whoever buys it."

"I have almost determined upon buying the farm," said the other.

"It's Baxter," whispered James.

"Hush!" said Felicia.

The voice went off. "But this is rather a fancy price for the field, Mr. Marlow, and I am afraid I must give up thinking of it. I will consult my brother, and —"

"Why did you come to me if you didn't know your own mind?" growled old Marlow. "I thought you wanted the field as a favour."

"I had heard you were thinking of selling it," said Baxter; "and I asked your grandson if you would not mind giving a neighbour the refusal."

"I thought so," says the old man. "James is a meddlesome blockhead, and it is all along of such chattering fools as him people think my land is going about begging, d—him; I believe he did it on purpose."

James turned away, as this growl reached the two young folks in the stable. There was a sort of low angry sound from Felicia, then a silence, then — "Why, why don't you go and contradict him?" cried the girl, giving her cousin a push. "Go."

James hung back. "What is the good?" he said with a sigh. "He is an old man. I hate a scene."

But if James hated a scene, it was not so with Felicia. There was something new stirring in her nature that seemed to cry out for a vent for action, for spectators. Baxter should not hear James insulted. "I am not afraid," said Miss Marlow magnificently; and before James could stop her, she had sprung to the great stable-door, flung it wide open, and was standing outside in a blaze of sunshine, confronting the two — the old grandfather and Captain Baxter, whose dark face didn't show much of the surprise he felt. For that the old stable-door should fly open before them, and an avenging goddess should appear sudden, overwhelming, breathing vengeance and retribution, was certainly the last thing the angry old schemer, or the disappointed neighbour, had in their minds. Felicia's eyes were radiating, her lips pouting, her cheeks brilliantly flushed. She had never looked more beautiful, — certainly never so angry. "How dare you say such things of poor Jim, grandpapa? It is cruel of you and unjust; yes, and you know it."

"Oh, listening!" says grandpapa, quite unmoved; "and James too. Come out of your hiding, James, and you" (to Felicia) "go back to your grandmamma."

"You know it is not true," persists Felicia, stamping; but her courage begins to fail a little at the two steady shaggy old eyes fixed upon her. As for the stranger, she indefinitely feels that there is protection in that straight, dark-looking figure now greeting her cousin. But she scarcely realizes this. Some sudden storm had been stirred; some sudden flame had burnt up fiercely, only to go out as such flames do, after a minute's flashing and flaring.

"Do you hear me, Fay?" says Mr. Marlow; "go up to your grandmother. I'm busy with the Captain, and don't want you."

"But you have been unjust," cries Felicia, worked up, more and more passionately. "I will not have James spoken of as you have done."

"Do you hear me or not?" roars old Marlow; and then James came forward and pulled Felicia's arm through his and led her off without a look or a word at the angry old man.

Baxter looked after the two as they walked away. At first Felicia clung to her cousin, trembling and sobbing; then in a moment she pushed him violently away, then she set off running; and when she ran poor James could not follow her, for his breath failed him, his heart beat so that he

could not hear or see: he sank down upon the steps of the house, and there Baxter found him a few minutes after, almost fainting and utterly exhausted by the morning's work.

### III.

FELICIA, having pulled her arm away from her cousin, ran back to the house in a troubled, furious, tearful mood. She was indignant with her grandfather, angry with herself; for James she was feeling something almost like scornful pity. Why had he been so silent? — why did he allow that intemperate old man to speak of him in such a way? — why was he not a man? She had seen Captain Baxter give one glance at James, and then at her grandfather. When he scolded her so roughly, why did not Jim do something instead of pulling down a basket of lettuces, and offering her his arm? He was more like a rabbit himself than a man. Oh, why was she not a man herself? as she stamped in a fury.

"Where is James?" said her grandmother, meeting the girl in the hall.

"I don't know; how should I?" said Felicia, as she passed on, flitting from room to room, till she found herself at the end of the house in a certain play-room which she considered her own. Here she began to cry afresh; then she dried her tears; then Felicia, defiant, ran to an old piano, and began strumming noisily on the keys. "Miss Flower, Miss Flower," she sang, banging with all her might, and thumping.

And meanwhile, outside in the hot garden, poor Jim was still struggling and panting for breath, when he heard a quick foot upon the gravel; the sound turned him faint and sick with apprehension. He thought it was his grandfather, and, in his present state, everything seemed terrible. But it was Baxter who, black as his face was, and fierce of aspect though he might be, sympathized with anything that was in want of help, or that was weak, or in pain. He stopped short, sat down on the stone step beside his friend, and asked him if he was ill?

"Ill!" gasped Jim, "no — that is — I — I'm used to it. Felicia —"

"Felicia — is your cousin coming back?" said Baxter, guessing more than poor Jim meant to reveal.

"If she would come — she would know —" said the young man, panting still.

"I will fetch some one," said Baxter, really frightened; and he hurried up the steps and along the stone terraces, and hearing a sound of noisy music coming through an open window, he stooped under the creepers that were hanging over it and

went in. He only came into an empty little passage room; but from a door he heard loudly now the jangle of some old cracked piano, and he knocked impatiently, and entered without waiting for an answer.

Felicia was still playing; for notwithstanding her protest, she could play a little, and she was strumming at some old-fashioned jig, I think she called it, which had grown out of the noise. She was standing, and playing, and bending over the music. The room was not a sitting-room, but some sort of lumber-place such as people, who live in big old houses, can afford to spare to old boxes and scraps and odds and ends of furniture, and the discarded piano had been put away there among the lumber. The room was dark: great green wreaths were hanging before the windows, and only a chequered light could pour in. There were no other blinds, and none others were wanted. There was nothing to shade except old boxes and fishing-rods, some broken chairs, a great cracked looking-glass, leaning against the wall, which reflected the whole slim length of the musician standing in her green faded dress among the rakes and geranium-pots, where feeble sprigs were sprouting, and, close by, an old chest, upon which stood a ship, full sail, and therein three baldheaded dolls were goggling. Any other time Aurelius might have paid some martial compliment, and admired the pretty girl making merry among the rubbish; but he scarcely saw her. It was only after he got home, in reply to the questions they asked him, that he seemed to see it all again, and remembered how she looked, and where he had found her. Tum-tum-te tummy! clattered Felicia, stopping short as the door opened, and looking over her shoulder she was somewhat taken aback when the dark lean figure came marching up to her straight and grim-looking.

"Will you come to your cousin?" said the Captain, without any preamble. Her feelings did not require much tender handling in his estimation. "He seems to me very ill. Perhaps you may know what to do for him."

"Ill!" exclaimed Felicia, starting away from the piano, with a slight crash among the geranium-pots. "Have you seen grandmamma? she always nurses him when he is ill." And she stooped to pick up the flower-pots, and to stick back the sprigs and cuttings that had fallen out of them. Felicia did not appear to think much of James's illness.

Baxter was more and more indignant.

"Poor fellow," said Aurelius; "he does not seem to get much nursing from any-

body." The Captain was downright angry, and did not care who he offended. At home, if his little finger ached, aunt and cousin and attendant maid were in tears almost, his little daughter would turn pale. It was foolish, and Aurelius made fun of their solicitude, but how infinitely better than this cold-bloodedness.

"He must have some wine," cried Felicia, carelessly. She did not choose to let Baxter see she had noticed his taunt, and she went on before him leading the way with a little careless, dancing step. "Oh dear me, who has got the keys? Scruby, Scruby," sang the girl, and at her call an old dilapidated-looking man put his bald head out of the dining-room door. "Scruby, Master James isn't well; have you got any wine out?"

The three-o'clock dinner-table was set, and a bottle with a little wine in it was put ready by the old Squire's seat.

"Not that," said Scruby, feebly proceeding to explore various drawers and cupboards, when Baxter impatiently seized the bottle and poured its contents into a tumbler.

"That's grandpapa's wine," said Felicia, a little awe-stricken, and Scruby made a toothless exclamation.

Baxter did not say a word in reply, but walked off quickly. As he hurried off Felicia followed him. "I thought you cared for your cousin," said the Captain to the girl as she came up a little timidly to the place where poor James was lying. He was better, however; the colour had come back into his cheeks, and he was drinking the wine which Baxter had brought him. He looked up, smiled, and held out his hand to Felicia, and she, without speaking, held it between her own two soft palms as she knelt leaning against the stone banister of the terrace.

So the Captain left them. He met Mrs. Marlow coming out of the house with a reproof on her lips.

"He should not excite himself over trifles," said the old lady, briskly. "I have never had a day's illness in my life." Mrs. Marlow seemed to think that it was her own good sense which had kept her well all these years. She did not mean to be unkind, but she never pretended to anything she did not feel. It was her way; she had no morbid terrors, no hidden pains and shrinking nerves, wherewith to sympathize with others. All this had died out in her; now-a-days no impressions reached her, though the old ones of fifty years before sometimes came to life again. She loved her husband and she loved Felicia. She

tolerated James. When her children had died, in her despair she almost blamed them for their weakness — she had mourned them after her own fashion. The whole generation of sons and daughters and sons and daughters-in-law had passed away, but the tough old folks lived on, tending the two little orphan grandchildren.

Here is one of them dragging himself up the steps with the help of the other. Felicia at least bears no sign of illness or premature decay. How blooming she looks as she drags Jim up with her arms. Mrs. Marlow thinks in her heart there never was a sweeter, brighter face, and half pities the girl linked to poor little Jim for life.

As Aurelius rode off he thanked heaven that all women were not like those two. He thought of his own wife's tender concern while she lived, and of the consternation now in the household if anything ailed him, a great fellow of six foot high. He laughed at it all, but he also loved them for it, and found it very sweet to have come back after years of hard work and loneliness to the tender solicitude of a gentle old aunt, and Lucy his little daughter. They were of a different type and order to those two women he had just left. Good and tender and unselfish, and living for others instead of existing scarce alive in that strange silence and exhausted atmosphere which oppressed him and every one else at Harpington.

Baxter had often heard James Marlow speak of Felicia; this was almost the first time he had ever seen her. His first impression was of something that he never forgot — a wild, bright, sudden gleam. In later days he sometimes thought of the beautiful angry face that had flashed out upon them from the darkness. When he thought of this he melted and softened, and by some contradiction he told himself that it was a pity that such a bright brilliant flame of youth and unreserve should be dimmed and chilled down by rough cold blasts, and by time, and by indifference. But this is the story of many and many a beautiful flame. Just now, however, it was Felicia's indifference and not her beauty that was paramount in Baxter's mind; her indifference shocked him. He thought of her more than once that day.

"Is she pretty?" asked his aunt, and Aurelius paused for a minute before he answered.

"I forget — yes, she is wonderfully pretty. Those may admire her who like." Poor James had got a bad bargain for all her brilliant loveliness. Sometimes the Captain relented a little, and then he thought of Felicia as a thoughtless child;

but again he would tell himself that she was at best but a hard-hearted little Siren playing jigs in her beautiful golden hair, while her victims drowned round about her. That hateful tune he had heard her play, kept nagging in his ears: he found himself humming it at night as he paced the quiet lane in front of the house, smoking his midnight pipe before going to bed, long after the other members of the peaceful little household retired.

#### IV.

THE poor siren was also sitting up in the dark in her little room at that minute. The great hall clock had struck one, but the child had not gone to bed; and yet midnight was a much more terrible affair at Harpington than in the cottage where Captain Baxter was staying, and where you could hear the cat purring in the kitchen all over the house. At Harpington far-off rats raced down the long passages. Far-off creaks and starts sounded in the ears of startled watchers. Felicia was frightened, but she was used to being frightened. If anything terrible came out of the barred door which led to the empty rooms she could run down the passage screaming, and her grandmother, who rarely slept, would hear her. Room after room, dark and gloomy and ghost-like, dim passages, staircases winding into blackness — all this was round about. Jim was under the roof at the other end of the wing, and the old people were sleeping in state in the great front rooms. Felicia had opened her window. She had heard a dog bay somewhere across the dark fields, and seen a star or two shine out through the dim veil of clouds over head. She could not see though she peered out ever so far with her two bright grey eyes, where the line of the fields met the heavens. It was all dark, and sweet, and dim and fresh with that indescribable calm of sleeping night. The air was touched by the scent of the fresh green blades, and of the pinks in the kitchen-garden. Some young owls began to hoot and whistle, but only for a little. Then everything was silent again. And when everything was quite silent, Felicia once more sat listening to a voice that began telling her the events of the day over and over again. These voices are apt to speak in the silence of the night, and to keep people awake.

"I thought *you* might have cared a little more," the voice said to Felicia.

"He thought me hard, cold, cruel," said Felicia to herself; and she began to remember how Baxter had looked at her with a curious, hard, indifferent look, such as no

one had ever given her before. Then she went over it all again and saw James lying straight out on the stone-step, and the broad shoulders of Aurelius bent over him. She saw the orange-trees on the terrace, and her grandfather crossing by the side-walk to avoid them, and her grandmother coming out of the house. There was the little scene bright painted on the darkness before her. She was sick of it, but there it was.

"Poor fellow, he does not seem to get much nursing from any one," said the voice again; and then again, "I thought *you* might have cared for your cousin."

This time the voice sounded more forgiving; but no, there was the vision of the tall unrelenting figure walking away without another word. Why was she not angry? Oh, he was right,—he was right,—that was why. She should have been more gentle with her cousin. She should not have pushed him from her. How kind he had been; yes, he was right to take her away when her grandfather stormed. He (Jim) had no strength for scenes and fights, and she had no strength. She only stormed and failed. She had never loved Jim so well as at that moment. Even though she was so angry with him, she never before understood his goodness and gentleness as she did now. And then no one had ever told her before what was right; what she ought to feel and to do. Oh, if she had but one friend in the world whom she could trust, who would help her a little; then she would know how to be good, and how to take care of him, and how to make him happy. Captain Baxter should see that she did care—that she was not utterly heartless. . . . So Felicia, sitting there, dreamt her waking dreams through the night.

Poor little Jim, tossing on his bed in the garret under the roof, did not know of Felicia's remorse and love, as she sat wakeful at the foot of her little iron couch, and yet—this is a theory which people may scout if they will—the unconscious magnetism of her good-will reached him in some mysterious fashion, and by degrees the fever left him, and he was soothed and quieted and fell asleep. Felicia longed for the morning to come that she might go to him, comfort him, make him forgive her. Jim was peacefully dreaming; he thought he was eating his dinner off the old china plate in the morning-room, and that Felicia came in and tossed it up in the air.

He came down late, and breakfast was over. The old couple were already on their rounds; but Felicia, who was sitting on the window-sill reading a book, jumped up and ran to meet him. As she came up,

Jim looking into her face saw a sweet, troubled, tender look that he had never seen before; grey eyes half tearful, a trembling colour, a quivering mouth.

"Dearest Jim," she said, with both hands put out to meet his; "forgive me, I was so cruel yesterday; I have been so unhappy about it;" and she held up her sweet face to be kissed. Never in all his life before had he seen her look like this. It was almost more than he could bear.

"Forgive, dearest Fay! Don't talk of forgiveness," he said, putting his arm round about her, and leaning his head for a moment on her shoulder.

"You are still quite tired and weak; here is your tea and your egg," she said, jumping away. And all breakfast-time Felicia waited on him, bringing him at last a bunch of ripe grapes she had stolen (though she did not tell him so), by breaking a pane of the grape-house.

"If Captain Baxter could see us now," thought Felicia, "he would see I am sorry to have been heartless."

Poor Jim! How delicious the grapes tasted, how happy it made him to be a little comforted and loved! He could hardly realize his own happiness, or believe that this was in truth his own Felicia.

When Aurelius rode over that afternoon to see how his friend was, he found him quite restored, reading in the window of the old lumber-room. Felicia, in her green dress, was still strumming on the piano, *La ci darem*; she was playing with a great many false notes, out of an old music-book she had discovered in a corner. She shut up the piano with a bang, however, when Aurelius came into the room, and soon after disappeared, leaving the two young men together.

Baxter sat on for some time talking to Jim. He tried to give him good advice, and tell him to hold his own. James, as usual, shrugged his shoulders, and smiled, and sighed; so long as he had Felicia he did not care what others said or did or thought of him, and so he said. Baxter did not answer, but soon after got up and went away.

He was very sorry for his friend. It did not seem to him, for all James told him, that Felicia cared for him in the least. Once more he told himself that she was a hard-hearted, ill-tempered little creature; and so thinking, he walked away, and down the old stone steps along the periwinkle walk leading to the road. And then he looked up, and saw that there was a figure at the gate sitting waiting on the grass-grown step. The figure jumped up quickly and came to meet him. A wild, nymph-

like little figure, in her quaint green dress, with her hair flying. It was Felicia, who had taken a great resolution.

"I was waiting for you," she said, opening her grey eyes wider and wider. "I have something to say to you. I want you to listen." And she stood before him so that he could not pass. "You think me heartless," she said. "You think I do not care for James. You think I am not good enough for him. Oh, Captain Baxter, you are right; that is what I wanted to say to you; but, indeed, indeed I know how good he is, and I do love him, and do try to take care of him, and I can't bear that you should think me quite wicked and heartless." And the tears stood in her eyes.

"Wicked! heartless!" said Aurelius, feeling in his turn ashamed. "It is I who am wicked and heartless, ever to think anything of the sort. I think James is a very happy man, Miss Marlow," he added gravely, "and I thank you for making me know you as you are." And he held out his hand, and went away touched and melted by the girl's confidence.

James, who had seen the two from his window, came down the walk a minute later, and found Felicia standing in the middle of the path where Aurelius had left her.

"What have you two been talking about?" Jim said.

"Never mind," said Felicia. "Do you want to know? He told me I was heartless that day you were so ill, and I wanted to say to him that I do love my friends, and am not without a heart." She said it so prettily, so shyly, so quickly, that Jim's vague jealousy melted away, and he looked down admiringly at the sweet face beside him.

This was only a very little while before Jim went back to college for his last term. Baxter came once or twice to see him, and then, when he was gone, the Captain's visits ceased. Mrs. Marlow gave him very plainly to understand she did not care for him to come, and there was nothing at the Hall that Baxter cared for; not even Felicia, although he often thought of her in her slim green dress.

Once or twice he met her in the lanes; once, the very day he left for town, in a buttercup-field with a great golden ball of flowers in her hand. That day little Lucy was with him, and Felicia gave the child the flowers. Little Lucy, who had read of princesses in fairy tales, firmly believed Felicia to be one of them, and talked of her all the way home. Felicia was a very silent fairy, and never spoke, but always ran away.

## V.

My story, as I am telling it, seems to be a sad one, of which the actors themselves scarcely know the meaning. What does it take to make a tragedy? Youth, summer days, beauty, kind hearts, a garden to stroll in; on one side an impulsive word, perhaps a look, in which an unconscious truth shines out of steadfast eyes, perhaps a pang of jealousy in a tender heart; and then a pause or two, a word, a rose off a tree—that is material enough for Tragedy. She lays her cold hand upon the best, the fairest, and sweetest, and most innocent. For my own part, Tragedy seems less terrible, with her dark veil, and cold, stern face, than Comedy in her tinsel and mask. Tragedy is terrible; and as she passes, tears flow, and cries of pain are uttered; but along with these are heroic endurance, faithfulness, self-denial, and tender, unflinching love, that her dark veil cannot hide, nor her terrors dismay, and she passes by, leaving a benediction behind her. Flowers spring up along the road, her arid wastes are repeopled, the plough travels over the battle-fields, and the living stand faithful by the sacred memories of the past.

But Comedy seems to scorn her victims. How can they rise again from her jibes and jeers? For Comedy take middle age, take false sentiment, take weakness, take infidelity, small passions, unworthy objects, struggles, affectations, rouge-pots, calculations, the blunting influence of time. It makes one's heart ache to think of the cruel, cruel comedies of life, into which good people are drawn, and gentle natures, only to be cast out again, sullied and mortified and broken-spirited and defiled. When the crisis comes, Comedy grinds its mad teeth and tears its hair and cries and writhes, and the spectators laugh and shrug their shoulders; but they love and pity Tragedy, as she passes along despairing, but simple and beautiful even in her woe. We pass through all these phases, youth and tragedy and the comedy of middle life, and then, I suppose, if we are sensible and honest-minded people, comes the peace of age, and, at all events, the silence that follows all youth and life and age; when at last Comedy shrinks away abashed and powerless.

This silence was hanging over the old house at Harpington: its unconscious inmates came and went as usual, sitting out in the lovely summer sunshine, living the same still life. For the last time,—it was all for the last time,—and yet seemed like any of the other summers that had flooded

through the old place, across the fields, into the remotest nooks and corners of the neglected gardens, shining on the high tiled roofs, and the ancient elms and rooks. Even old Marlow would come out and bask in the lovely summer weather, conning his account-books, and making his calculations under the trees to the singing of the birds. One day two butterflies came flitting and bobbing about his head. Felicia burst out laughing at the sight.

Jim had gone off telling them to remember the 10th. He was to come back from Oxford in the beginning of July, and it had long been settled that Felicia and her grandmother were to accept an invitation they had received, and meet him in London, and spend ten days there, and buy Felicia's wedding-clothes. Mrs. Marlow was to see her doctor and the lawyer at the same time; old Marlow had desired this arrangement — I don't know in what fit of generosity — it was a whim: a sort of remembrance of the week he had spent in London before his marriage. The clothes were unnecessary, but he would not have to pay for them; so he chose to do the thing handsomely for once; and all this being accomplished, there would be no further reason for delay. Jim and Fay should come back and be married out of hand. It was also a sort of intended encouragement to Felicia, who certainly showed no eagerness to enter into matrimonial bonds; but, if going to London depended upon being married, here was Felicia as eager as any one to be married, for London was her dream, her heaven upon earth, her soul's aspiration. Why she should have sighed and longed after all these millions of brown half-baked bricks, piled one on the top of the other, I cannot tell. Jim had sometimes told her stories of London streets and parks, and promised that when they came he should take her to see the sights. They were to stay with an opportune old sister of Mr. Marlow's from whom a letter came one morning to everybody's surprise: —

"Queen Square, June 27.

"MY DEAR BROTHER," wrote the lady — "When I think how many years we have both lived, and how many have passed since we last met, and how very few more we can expect to be together in the world, it occurs to me to write to you and to ask you if it is not time to let past things be past, and to meet once more. This is our mother's birthday, and I have been thinking over old times and things. Are you thinking of coming to town? Will you give me great pleasure, and come and stay with me with your wife and your granddaughter? I hear Felicia's marriage is to take place before very long; and she must be doubtless thinking about her trousseau. If she

will come and purchase it in London, I should like to contribute a hundred pounds towards it, in token of the goodwill of an old maiden aunt who has not quite forgotten her earlier days. She can expend it to the best advantage during her stay with me. I am thinking of going abroad, so that I would only beg that I may soon have the pleasure of welcoming you to my house. With love to your wife.

"Your affectionate sister,

"MARY ANNE MARLOW."

"Well," said Mrs. Marlow, as she finished, "Mary Anne seems to be flourishing — going abroad."

"I shall answer that letter," said the Squire, in a determined voice. "You had better go, and take Fay with you."

"Me!" cried Mrs. Marlow. "I am not going to leave home, Robert. I am just making my jam."

"Jam!" said the Squire, "who wants jam? But I tell you what, Mary Anne seems disposed to be liberal, and I don't see why we shouldn't get the benefit of our own as well as anybody else. That house in Queen Square ought to have been mine at this minute."

"Nothing will induce me to set foot in it," cried Mrs. Marlow, "after all that has passed. You can take Felicia yourself, Robert, if you choose to go."

"Go! It is out of the question," said old Marlow. "I must look after my crops. What should I do in London?" said the Squire.

But, as usual, the old fellow had his way in the end. He frowned and insisted, being determined not to lose that chance 1000.

"Harlington, June 27.

"MY DEAR SISTER, — I thank you for your letter, inviting us to your house, and alluding to old times. Although I am unfortunately prevented from accepting your kind invitation, my wife and granddaughter will avail themselves of your kindness, and Felicia will be glad to do her shopping under your auspices.

"It is many years, as you say, since we met, and we are both, doubtless, very much changed. Believe me

"Your affectionate brother,

"R. MARLOW."

Felicia felt as if they were really going when she went into her grandmother's room one morning to find doors and cupboards wide open, and strange garments and relics piled on the floor, and on the bed, and on the window-sill, and Hannah Morton, the housekeeper, dragging in a great hair-trunk and a rope. The old lady was selecting from a curious store of wimples, and pockets, and mittens, and furbelows, and out of numbers of faded reticules and bags; the

articles which she thought necessary for her journey. Felicia's experience was small; but she asked her grandmother if she thought so many things would be wanted for a ten-days' excursion.

"Who is this, grandmamma?" cried the girl, holding up a black plaster silhouette.

"Put it down, child," said Mrs. Marlow.

She could not bear her treasures to be inspected. Few old ladies like it. They store their keepsakes and mementoes away in drawers and dark cupboards — cupboards fifty years old, drawers a lifetime deep.

And so even these slow, still, wall-enclosed days at Harpington came to an end at last. They ended as the old trap, with its leather straps and chains, drove up to the door with George, the gardener, on the box, and the drag swinging. The carriage was at the door; the sandwiches were cut; the old hair-box was corded. Felicia, who even now, within ten minutes of her going, expected that an earthquake would come to engulf London before she could see it, that her grandfather would change his mind, or, at least, that the white horse would take to his heels and run away down hill, began at last to believe in their going.

The thought of it all had been so delightful that the delight was almost an agony, as very vivid feelings must be. Felicia had been wideawake all night, starting and jumping in her little bed, and watching the dawn spread dull beyond the trees (as it was spreading behind the chimney-pots in the dream-city to which she was going). Now she stood, with her little brown hat tied over her hair, watching the proceedings with incredulous eyes. The old gig, with its bony horse, was no miraculous apparition; but miracles take homely shapes at times, and we don't always recognize them when we see them. The grey hair-trunk was hoisted up by Hannah and George; the bags were brought down and then Mrs. Marlow walking brisk and decided, equipped for the journey, with strange loopings and pinnings, with a bag and a country bonnet, appeared arm in arm with her husband. The grandfather had sometimes driven off for a day or two, but the grandmother's departure was a much more seldom and special occurrence. So Felicia felt, and Mrs. Marlow, as she stood on the threshold, with her arm still in the old Squire's. It is affecting to see some leave-takings: outstretched hands that have lost strength in each other's service; eyes meeting that have seen each other's brightness fade. I don't know if the end of love is a triumph or a requiem: the young man and

woman are gone, but their two souls are there still in their changed garments; the throb of the full flooding current is over, but it has carried them on so far on their way. Here were two whose aims had not been very great, nor could you see in their faces the trace of past aspirations and high endeavour. Two mean worn faces looking at each other for the last time with faithful eyes.\*

"Good-by, Robert," said Mrs. Marlow wistfully. "Take care of yourself. You will find the cellar-key on the hook in my cupboard."

"Good-by, my dear. Give my love to Mary Anne," says the Squire, signing to the man to help his mistress up. When the old lady was safe hoisted on the seat of the little carriage, once more she put out her thin hand, and he took it in his. "There," said he, "be off; don't stay beyond your time."

"You will have to come for me," said Mrs. Marlow, smiling; and then Felicia jumped up and they drove away. Then the Squire tramped back into the house again. How dull and lonely it seemed, all of a sudden. Empty rooms; silence. Why did he let them go? Confound Mary Anne and her money! It was all his own doing, and he loved his own way, but it was dismal all the same. What was this? his wife come back for something. For an instant he had fancied her in the room. Marlow pulled down the blind nosily, making his study still darker than it was before; then he pulled on his wide-awake, and trudged out through the stable-yard into the fields, where he stayed till dinner-time, finding fault with the men for company's sake. Mrs. Marlow had not yet left home in spirit, though she was driving away through the lanes; she was roaming through the house, and pondering on this plan and that for the Squire's comfort: and Felicia was flying ahead of gigs and railways, through a sort of dream landscape, all living and indistinct, like one of Turner's pictures. That was London — that dim, harmonious city; and Jim was there; and that Captain Baxter, would he come and see them, she wondered? Perhaps they might meet one day suddenly; and then her London heart, as she called it, began to throb.

\* "Tous les hommes sont menteurs, inconstants, faux, bavards, hypocrites, orgueilleux ou lâches, méprisables et sensuels; toutes les femmes sont perfides, artificieuses, vaniteuses; le monde n'est qu'un égout sans fond où les phoques les plus informes rampent et se tordent sur des montagnes de fange: mais il y a au monde une chose sainte et sublime: c'est l'union de deux de ces êtres si imparfaits et si affreux. . . ."

## VI.

THE old house in Queen Square stood hospitably waiting for the travellers. An old butler came to the door; an old lady, looking something like the Squire in a bonnet, beamed down to meet them. Two old four-post beds were prepared for Felicia and her grandmother. There was some indescribable family likeness to Harpington in the quiet old house, with its potpourri pots, and Chinese junks, and faded carpets, and narrow slit windows. But the welcome was warmer; for Miss Marlow nodded, and brightened, and twinkled more in five minutes than the Squire in his whole lifetime.

"How do you do? Welcome, my dear. Well!" — taking both her hands — "are you very much in love? Pretty thing isn't she? Eliza, I wish you had brought my brother with you. Come up, come up. There, this is the drawing-room, and this is the balcony, with a nice little iron table for lovers to sit at. Now come upstairs. There is some one to dinner. Matthew, send my maid. We must make the bride look prettier still for dinner; mustn't we, Jim?"

Miss Marlow enjoyed nothing so much as a romance, for she had been in love many many times herself.

"And so you say Robert is not a bit changed since he was last here? why, that is a century ago at least; we are a good wearing family, and as for Felicia, I hope she will look just as she does now for twenty years to come."

They all had some tea very sociably together. Miss Marlow poured it out, with her bonnet very much on one side. Mrs. Marlow, imagining it to be London fashion, immediately adopted the practice; as for Felicia, — breathless, excited, with radiating gray eyes, — she took in all that was about — the aunt, the old servants, the potpourri, the twin chairs, like those at Harpington, the fusty cushions and gilt tables, the winding Westminster streets outside, the Park, the distant roar of the town, the tops of statues, and turrets, the Abbey, the Horse Guards, — ah, the Prince of Wales actually in person, riding down Birdcage Walk. She went upstairs to dress for dinner, and Mrs. Marlow came in with some ancient amethyst ornaments to deck her pretty bird. Felicia, who had been looking disconsolately in the glass at her pretty face and shining hair, was charmed, and instantly fastened the bygone elegance round her slim white neck, and felt herself beautiful, as she tripped along the passage. But Mrs. Marlow herself was tired, and

refused to come down. She felt very strongly that Mary Anne had no right to the house, and feeling aggrieved, she thought it best to show her displeasure, and she was tired by her journey, and a little shy and strange, and her husband had been badly treated altogether, and she felt that the right thing to do was to stay in her room; and so Felicia left her grandmother reading a volume of sermons, and went and knocked at her aunt's door to tell her this determination. Felicia lingered a little in the passage on the way. Miss Marlow popped her head, still in her bonnet, out of her bedroom.

"Not coming! Dear me, what a pity. Ready? — that is right, my dear: make yourself pretty, for Captain Baxter is come."

\* \* \* \* \*

A kind fate sometimes gives people what they wish for long long before they have ventured even to expect it; Felicia had hoped to see Baxter once perhaps, or twice, — meeting in a street just before she left, — and now, the very first evening of her arrival, she was told he was come — downstairs, actually in the house! Make herself pretty! Her cheeks brightened up of their own accord, her lips began to smile, and such sweet, gay, childish happiness beamed from her grey eyes, that Miss Marlow was obliged to come out of her room and embrace her again on the spot then and there.

Felicia lingered a little as she went, and as she lingered it was with an odd feeling that she recognized the twins of some of the old home things, and there in a cabinet, — could it be? — another plate with clasped hands, and another Sola written on the margin? No; the plate was there, but no clasped hands in the centre. Felicia came to the drawing-room door, at last, hesitated, and went in very slowly. James had not come down. Felicia in her amethysts turned pale, as Baxter, who was standing alone in the room, came up to greet the young lady.

At a first glance Aurelius thought Felicia very much changed. She looked older, graver; perhaps the dusty damask, and gorgeous canvas, carved picture-frames, and gilt tables were a less becoming background than the ivy walls and periwinkles at Harpington.

"I am so glad to see you again," he said. "It was very kind of Miss Marlow to let me come and meet you."

As Aurelius finished this little speech, he looked at her again. What had he been dreaming of? She was prettier, far, far

prettier than he remembered her even. A sort of curious bright look, half conscious, half doubting, was in her eyes; she blushed and smiled.

"I am so glad you have come. I was afraid I should only see you by chance," said she.

"We have not had a talk since that last time we parted," said Aurelius, stupidly. Little Lucy treasured up her flowers.

"And you believed me?" Felicia cried earnestly, flushing as she spoke.

"I never doubted you," said Aurelius; and he believed he was speaking the truth. Beauty is the most positive of all convictions.

The others presently came into the room, Miss Marlow resplendent, and ushered in by gongs.

"James, take your bride into dinner," she cried, with a nod and an intelligent look at Baxter, who turned rather black, as was his way, and stiffly offered his arm to the old lady. The Captain was a favourite with Miss Marlow, who liked good looks, and had not yet got over an early leaning towards the army. She had asked him first at James's suggestion, and now counted on him as an agreeable escort on the many occasions she had already devised for taking herself and Felicia to see sights, people, toilettes. There was no end to the things Miss Marlow wanted Felicia to see.

Mrs. Marlow let her sister-in-law go her own way. She was strange, lonely, and home-sick, sat dismally alone in the corner of the drawing-room: but she, in her way, was touched by Felicia's delight, and sometimes wondered if she had always done enough for the happiness of the two children she had reared. Felicia and her betrothed behaved exactly as usual. He tried to find a proof of her affection in the hours she spent among ribbons, and her gauzes, and her trousseau. She chattered, asked questions, ruled with an iron rod her kind and patient little lover, and then rewarded him by one word of happiness. If she was happy it was all he asked. As for James, he was no more romantic than when she had last seen him. She wounded him one day by saying before Baxter, "You don't look at all like a husband, Jim; you are much more like an uncle." This was the first time Felicia had ever talked about their approaching marriage. She never would face it. In vain Jim spoke of the future, and tried to find out what was in her mind. She shifted, parried, doubled, and finally would run away altogether; but she was too happy in the present to face the future, and all Felicia's present, like

dissolving views, had opened and revealed delights more endless even than any she had imagined for herself. Many people seeing her sitting in the Park one morning between Jim and Captain Baxter looked a second time and smiled at the dazzling young creature talking and brightening. There was a great flower-bed of red rhododendrons just behind her chair. She had put on one of her pretty new trousseau dresses: she was gay, glad, happy, beyond any happiness she had ever conceived before. As for her approaching marriage, I do not honestly believe she had ever given it a single thought; all she knew was that she was sitting there with Jim to take care of her, and to wait as long as ever she liked, with Baxter—who was kind now, and who no longer thought her heartless—with a sight so glittering and cheerful that that alone would have been enough for her. The horses went by with their beautiful shining necks and smooth clean-cut limbs; the amazons passed and laughed and talked as they went; the young men, magnificent and self-conscious, were squaring their elbows and swooping by on their big horses; the grand dresses and ladies went on rustling along the footpath; the pleasant green park spread and gleamed a sort of song of talk, and footsteps and sunshine were in the air. High over head the little pinkish grey London clouds were sailing across the blue sky, and the long lines of white houses, with their windows, were twinkling with light: and yet nothing is quite perfect. Why did Aurelius ask her just then when the marriage was to take place?

"Marriage!" said Felicia, "what marriage? Ours do you mean? Oh, any time."

"My grandfather talks of August," said James gravely.

"August! when is August?" said Felicia, looking a little strangely. For the first time a swift, quick pang of certainty seemed to come over her. It was like nothing that she had ever felt before: quicker, swifter, nearer. But she was brave, young, and confident; she wanted to be happy, and so in a moment her dancing gray eyes were raised to Baxter's.

"You must never talk about our wedding again," she said; "we don't like it. We mean to be happy while we can, without troubling ourselves about the future; don't we, Jim?"

"I hope we shall be happy any way, dear," said Jim, gravely.

Aurelius looked from one to another and thought this was the strangest love-making he had ever witnessed. The next time he

came he brought a little parcel in his hand which he asked her, in an ashamed sort of voice, to accept as a token of sympathy on an occasion he was not permitted to name. Felicia had heard of wedding-presents, but had not thought they would come to her. She screamed with delight, seeing a beautiful little gold-glittering ring for her arm, from which a crystal locket was hanging.

"Oh, how pretty!" she cried. "Is it for me—really for me? Oh, thank you. Look, Jim; look, grandmamma."

Mrs. Marlow looked, and dryly said it must have cost a good deal of money. As for Felicia, she was radiant. The loan of her grandmother's amethysts had charmed her; how much more this lovely thing, glittering, twinkling, her very own. It was a link, poor little soul, in her future destiny.

\* \* \*

Days went on, and the time was drawing near for their return. Felicia's pretty gowns were bought, and Miss Marlow's hundred pounds expended. The old Squire wrote to his wife bidding her to come home and bring the girl. Our poor little Prosperpine, whose creed it was to live in the present, and to pick the flowers, and not to trouble herself with what she did not see, woke one day to find that the present was nearly over, and the past was beginning again. The past!—was she to go back to it, to leave life and light for that tomb in which she had been bred, to see Aurelius no more, London no more, living men and women no more; live with only sheep, only silence, only shadows, and the drone of insects to fill up the rest of her life; only Jim, Jim whose every thought and word and look she knew by heart? "Oh it was intolerable; it was a shame. It shouldn't be. She wouldn't go," said Felicia to herself. "She would stay on with her aunt. She would ask her. She would not go." She began walking up and down her little bedroom, like a young tigress pacing her narrow cage. Her grandmother looked in, hearing a hasty rush of footsteps, and Felicia stopped short in her walk.

"Is anything the matter?" said Mrs. Marlow.

"Nothing, grandmamma," said Felicia. And then when the door was shut again, once more she began her fierce gymnastics. A few minutes before James had said, "We must come again when we are married, Felicia, and see all the sights we leave unseen now."

"There is plenty of time," says Felicia.

"Three days," says James.

"Three days," cries the girl; "but I don't mean to go, I don't want to go, I shall stay, James, do you hear? Aunt Mary Anne will ask me. How unkind you are."

"I am afraid Aunt Mary Anne is packing up to go, too," said poor stupid James. "Dear, some day when I have the right to bring you, you shall come for as long as you like."

"Some day! I want it now," cries Felicia. "I haven't seen the wax-works or the lions. I—I *will* stay," she flashed at him in a passion. And then, as usual, she ran away, realizing that she was talking nonsense, that she was powerless, that she was only a girl, and that here was happiness, delight, interest, a world where every hour meant its own special delight, meant a friend; and friendship was more than love, thought Felicia, a thousand times, and she might not taste it. To be her own self, that was what Felicia longed for. Here in London, life seemed made for her; there at Harpington it seemed to her, looking back, that she was like one of the periwinkles growing round the garden-gate.

## VII.

BAXTER was, as I have said, a widower; he looked back to his early married life now from the heights of thirty-five. Life was not to him the wonderful, strange, new thing it seemed to Felicia, coming from her periwinkle haunts, from the still lichen-grown walls of brick which so effectually keep out many spiritual things, and within which all her existence had been enclosed. When Baxter found himself gratefully accepting Miss Marlow's invitations to dinner, coming day after day to the old dark house, patiently waiting among the needlework, chairs, and cushions in the gorgeous drawing-room; planning one scheme and another to give pleasure to little Felicia, who was so happy, and in such delight at his coming,—when he found himself thinking of her constantly, and living perpetually in her company, he said to himself—for he was a loyal gentleman—that this must not be. It was a pity, but it must not be. He had respected his wife, but she had never charmed him. People generally destined him for her cousin, Miss Flower; but, now, he began to tell himself that this was impossible. There had been one real story in his life, of which people knew nothing, which was told now, and to which (for it was there written and finished) there were no new chapters to add, for the dictating spirit was gone forever. As for Emily Flower, she and Au-

relious understood each other very well: they were sincere friends, nothing more, and they let people talk as they perhaps talked of others in turn, without caring or knowing very much of concerns that were not their own.

If Felicia had not been going back so soon, and her fate decided, and if James himself had not asked him again and again to come home, to join them in one excursion and another, Baxter might have kept to his good resolves, and avoided the bright, sweet, young sylph who had beguiled him. But it was for such a little while, surely there was no harm in it, he told himself. She would not guess his secret, poor little thing — sacrificed to the old people's convenience and cupidity. Suddenly, thinking of it all, of Felicia's unconsciousness, a sort of indignation seized the young man at the thought of this marriage. Some one should save her; some one should hold her back — say a warning word before it was too late. He would interfere; he would go to Mrs. Marlow and protest. But then came a thought of Jim — generous, gentle, unselfish, full of heart and affection, worth a dozen of Felicia, thought Baxter, who was not blind to her faults — only he loved her all the same, and Jim loved her, and Felicia was indifferent; and that was the cruel part of the bargain. She was indifferent. She did not know, poor child, what life might be.

Who are we, to judge for others? In after days, Baxter remembered his indignation, remembered it in shame and in remorse. It was too late then to change the past; but not too late to regret it.

Felicia cried herself to sleep that night, and again Mrs. Marlow, feeling disturbance, came into the child's room, and stood by the great four-post bed, where the little creature was writhing and starting.

"Fay, my dear," said the old lady, "you forget yourself. Wake up. What is it?"

Felicia woke up, with her great sleepy eyes full of tears, stared about her vaguely, and then fell asleep again, as girls do.

I think, if she had spoken then, the old lady would have helped her; but she slept quietly, and Mrs. Marlow, who had been frightened, left her. Felicia was so little used to talk to her grandmother, that she did not know how to do it. She would as soon have thought of telling the marble washstand that she was unhappy.

But, nevertheless, Jim had spoken, and Felicia's looks had implored, and Mrs. Marlow, with heroic self-sacrifice, had written to ask for leave to stay another week. Felicia, hearing the great news, never for an instant doubted that all was right, and once

more she embarked in her golden seas of contentment.

There was a little expedition she looked forward to with some excitement. It should be the last, Baxter had mentally decided. There was to be a river, a row, a tea-making in the woods. Little Lucy and her cousin, Miss Flower, were to come to it, and James, and Fay, and Miss Marlow, who was always ready to enjoy herself.

Mrs. Marlow cried off, according to her wont. Felicia came down early that morning to breakfast, and flung open a window to let in a fresh gust of early London soot. Some distant cries reached her ears. A morning sight of busy park and passing people spread before her. Some far-away bells were ringing. All was wide, bright, and misty. She tried to realize her own happiness for a minute; but couldn't. A whole day's pleasuring — a whole week's respite. Her grandmother had written, and all was well. Another week! Another week was another lifetime; and she need not trouble herself about what would come after.

"Oh, Jim, I am so happy," she said, going up to him, brightening as he came into the room.

And then came post, tea-urns, old ladies, and funny old mahogany tea-caddies; and then came, once more, swift, and sharp, and overwhelming, a pang of disappointment more cruel than any that had gone before.

"I have heard from your grandfather," said Mrs. Marlow, quite cheerfully (as if it did not seem a matter of life and death to poor Fay), "and he says, my dear, that we have been away quite long enough, and that we must start to-morrow, as we first arranged."

"To-morrow?" gasped the girl, in a strange, numb horror.

"I suppose you have bought your finery, and I hope James has bought a gold ring," he says" (reading). "'There is nothing to wait for now, and the wedding may as well take place on your return. Their banns shall be put up next Sunday, and there need be no more talk about the matter. As for Parsons, the way he has behaved about that horse was only what might have been expected. I shall have him up at the next assizes, and let the county see that I am not the man to be put upon. Affectionate remembrances to Mary Anne. . .'" So read the old lady.

Felicia heard no more; she listened, turning white and red over her teacup; she looked up once imploringly at James, and met a shy adoring glance that made her hate him. Mrs. Marlow nodded relief.

Miss Marlow was beaming and kissing her hand; the old butler, who had come in with some boiling water, seemed to guess what was passing, and he too smiled. And Felicia, cold, pale, furious, in a strange desperate state of mind—desperate, and yet determined, and sure even in her despair of some secret help somewhere—she did not tell herself whence it was to come. She could bear it no longer, and jumping up, white as a ghost, she ran out of the room.

Felicia never forgot that day in its strange jumble of happiness and misery. Baxter was right when he called her cold-hearted. She no more cared for Jim, no more thought of his possible pain, than she thought of the feelings of the footman who opened the door, or the stoker who drove the engine.

The sun shone, the engine was whistling; Aurelius, holding little Lucy by the hand, and accompanied by a smiling young lady in a hat and long blue veil, met them at the station. Jim, still unconscious of his companion's silence and preoccupation, pulled her arm through his and carried her along the long line of carriages, leaving his aunt to Aurelius' care. All the way Jim had talked and asked questions in his unusual elation; every word he said worried and jarred upon the girl. Now, in his happiness, he went on talking and chirping, but Felicia was in a cloud, and did not listen: sometimes waking up, she thought of appealing to him then and there, in the carriage, with all the others to take her part, and of imploring him to help her—to what? to escape from him. Sometimes she felt that her one chance would be to run away, and never be heard of again; sometimes, with a start, she asked herself what was this new terrible thing hanging over her—this close-at-hand horrible fate—made for her, such as no one before had ever experienced. Then for some minutes, as was her nature, she put it all away, and began to play cat's-cradle with little Lucy Baxter, who was sitting beside her.

They reached Henley at last, scudding through broad sunny meadows, with a sight of blue summer woods, and of the hills overhanging the flooding river; they lunched at the old red brick house, with the great lilac westerias hanging and flowering, and then they took a boat and rowed against the stream to Wargrave. Sliding, gliding along, against the rush of the clear water, past the swirls of the rat-holes, and the pools; among the red reeds and white flowers, along damp, sweet banks of tangle and grass. It soothed and quieted poor Felicia's fever; by degrees a feeling came to her of a whole world passing away in

remorseless motion and of a fate against which it was vain to struggle. This was life and fate to be travelling along between green banks, with summer sights, and flying birds, and woods and wreathing green things all about, while the stream of life, and feeling flowed away quick in a contrary direction, with a rapid rush, carrying the sticks and leaves and mementoes and passing lights along with it. And so at last she was soothed and calmed a little as the boat swung on. Perhaps there is happiness even in travelling against one's fate, thought poor Felicia, despairing. The happiest person in that boat-load was little Lucy, who had not yet reached her life, and next to her the old lady, who was well nigh over it, who sat talking and chirping to Miss Flower. James was silent, for he had at last discovered Felicia's abstraction, and he had seen that she did not hear him when he spoke to her. But when Aurelius once made a little joke, Felicia brightened up again, and suddenly seemed to throw off the cloud which oppressed her.

As the boats touched the shore they saw a fire burning in the little wood; the smoke was rising blue and curling, and the flames sparkling among the sticks. All the summer-green slopes of the wood were bright with leaves, twigs, buds, fragrant points; faint showers of light, and blossom, and perfume seemed falling upon the branches; it may have been the effect of the sunbeams shining on the woods lighting the waters. The lodge-keeper's wife had lighted the fire, which smoked and sparkled, and Emily Flower made tea. Aurelius laughed and shook his head when she offered him some; tea was not much in his line, he said; nor was Felicia yet of an age much given to tea-drinking: that is a consolation which is reserved for her elders, who are more in need of such mild stimulation; but she stirred her cup, and set it down upon the grass, and waved away the flies with the stem of a wild rose that James had picked for her.

Every now and then Felicia stole a glance at Miss Flower. She could not understand that demure young lady, who looked so little, spoke so rarely. She seemed so unlike any of Felicia's experiences (experiences, by the way, which were chiefly confined to herself, for she had never had a companion,) that Felicia could not understand her. Emily Flower, however, understood Felicia very well, and the two did not somehow seem to amalgamate. Felicia wished that she could be sure Miss Flower and Aurelius were nothing to each other. She looked from one to the other more than once.

"Are you still happy, Felicia?" said Jim, sadly, coming up to her as she stood there waving her rose-branch.

"Happy?" said Felicia. "No; I am miserable."

"What makes you miserable?" James asked.

For a moment she had a mind to tell him; then her courage failed.

"I can't go back," she cried, evading the truth, and with a sudden impetuous burst of emotion. "Oh, Jim, If you loved me you would help me, but you don't, and I hate you!" Then a minute after she was suddenly sorry for him for the first time that day, and as he stood silent and hurt, she put her hand on his arm. "You know I don't hate you, Jim," she said, piteously. "How silly you are to mind." And she dashed the rose-branch across her face to wipe away her tears.

Nobody noticed this little scene, except

perhaps Aurelius, who had been standing near, and who walked away with little Lucy and began pulling down ivy-wreaths for the child.

I don't know how he knew, but at that minute Jim, in his turn looking from one to the other, seemed to understand it all. He left Felicia for a minute, and then came back, wistfully.

"Could you trust me, Felicia?" he said, in an odd, doubtful voice.

But poor Fay had not even trust to give him as yet. She did not understand, and started with beautiful listless grey eyes. Then she went and flung herself down by the fire, and watched the flame crackling and drifting among the glowing twigs, and listened to her aunt talking on and on to Miss Flower, and to the sound of the river running by the bank, and washing against the leaves and the grasses. . . .

#### A BLIND MAN'S FIRESIDE.

Tell me, oh ye eloquent flames,  
Gossips and comrades fine!  
Nobody knows me, poor and blind,  
That sit in your merry shine.  
Nobody knows me but my dog;  
A friend I've never seen,  
But that comes to my call, and loves me  
For the sympathies between.

'Tis pleasant to hear in the cold, dark night,  
Mounting higher and higher,  
The crackling, chattering, sputtering, spattering  
Flames in the wintry fire.  
Half asleep in the corner,  
I hear you prattle and snap,  
And talk to me and Tiny,  
That dozes in my lap.

You laugh with the merriest laughter;  
You dance, you jest, you sing,  
And suggest in the wintry midnight  
The joys of the coming spring.  
Not even the lark on the fringe of the cloud,  
Nor the thrush on the hawthorn bough,  
Singeth a song more pleasant to hear  
Than the song you're singing now.

Your voices are of gladness:  
Ever they seem to say,  
After the evening—morning!  
After the night—the day!  
After this mortal blindness,  
A heavenly vision clear,  
The soul can see when the eyes are dark;  
Awake! let the light appear!  
All the Year Round.

#### ODE TO UTILITY.

(On MR. COWPER'S *Commons Preservation Bill*.)

MATERIAL Utility,  
With what a wise servility  
For thy substantial wages labour we,  
And with no brute stupidity,  
No grovelling cupidity,  
All things of beauty sacrifice to thee!

The progress of machinery  
Is fast improving scenery  
From off the face of this industrious isle.  
The railways are victorious,  
And architecture glorious  
About each station thriving builders pile.

Where once, in ages drearier,  
Stood groves, stand shops superior,  
The public-house shoots up where bloomed the  
thorn.  
Soon will arise dense villages  
On land that under tillage is,  
Where the red poppy clots the growing corn.

The landscape, in the olden time,  
By owls esteemed a golden time,  
Adorned with spires that pointed to the sky,  
Exhibits now, in lieu of them,  
Tall chimneys, not a few of them,  
Whose factory smoke conceals it from each eye.

Then with our whole ability  
For thee we'll slave, Utility,  
Using old England up by swift degrees,  
All our green fields—coal measures too—  
Yielding ourselves those pleasures to  
Pigs which engross and make mankind Chinese.  
Punch.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
CHILDREN'S LITERATURE OF THE LAST  
CENTURY.

BY MISS YONGE.

# I.—NURSERY BOOKS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

"Books for children," — the press groans with their multitude, and their illustrations have absolutely become exquisite works of art. Each risen generation repeats to the *rising* one, that there was nothing like it in its departed childhood, and each mourns over the dissipation of mind created by the profusion of reading, till we are sometimes startled to find that the same things were said of us that we are now saying of our children.

The fact is, that infantine literature, as indeed all sorts of class-literature, is a recent production. Up to the Georgian era, there were no books at all either for children or the poor, excepting the class-books containing old ballads, such as "*Chevy Chase*," "*Fair Rosamond*," "*Jane Shore*," "*The Children in the Wood*," and short tales such as "*The King and the Cobbler*," "*Whittington and his Cat*," "*Robin Goodfellow*," "*The history of the Seven Champions*," "*The Seven Wise Masters*," "*The Nine Worthies*," all told without any endeavour to simplify the language, but rather dealing in grandiloquence. Little gilt books, the covers clouded with scarlet and blue, with a running pattern of gold creeping over all, and probably representing the last tradition of illumination, appeared at fairs in company with gilt gingerbread equally gaudy, and when the gentlefolk paced through the booths in stately graciousness, were often bought and conned by the young people, pleased to exercise the powers painfully acquired upon horn-book or primer.

Nor did their elders trouble themselves with scruples as to the ideas they might derive from their studies, nor think that they would be corrupted by the tears plentifully bestowed on *Rosamond* in her bower, or *Jane* in her white sheet. A book was a book, in the eyes of squire and dame, let it be what it might; and Master Jacky's "bookish turn" was thought to mark him as a scholar and parson, whether he read "*Tom Jones*," "*Robinson-Crusoe*," or "*The Pilgrim's Progress*."

For after the gilt-book stage, or indeed during it, the child, if he read at all, read the books provided for the grown-up part of the family. Evelyn's wonderful boy, "*Master Clench*," read history and classics in their ponderous folios, and even later than this, children still depended on the odd,

worn volumes of the "*Spectator*," or any other book that chance consigned to their hands. *Hannah More's* father repeated the lines of *Homer* and *Virgil* in the original to please his own ear and hers, and then translated them; and *Mrs. Trimmer* (then *Sarah Kirby*), when only fourteen years old, carried about "*Paradise Lost*" in her pocket as well as in her head, and was presented by *Dr. Johnson* with the "*Rambler*," in testimony of approbation. Some years later the solace of *Walter Scott's* long illness was acting over the sieges and battles in *Orme's* "*War in Hindostan*." There can be little doubt that those who read at all in those days must have done so from genuine taste for literature, and that though an idle child could not be safely disposed of by setting it down to a baby book, yet that real power was cultivated, and the memory provided with substantial stores, at the time when it is most retentive; and as there was no harassing the young mind by examinations, and requirements of all being comprehended and immediately reproduced in words, the brain was not overwrought, but left free to assimilate what it could or would.

Already, however, these days of comparative neglect — shall we call it wholesome? — were fast waning. The spontaneous manufacture of the little books of mere amusement had received a great impulse from France, by the translations of the *Comtesse d'Aulnoy's* and *M. Perrault's* adaptations of the mythic lore common to all nations. A queer book, indeed, is *Mme. d'Aulnoy's*, where the immortal fairy tales stand imbedded in a course of lengthy romances of the Italian or Spanish order, but where predicaments occur in which the heroes and heroines sit still to tell and hear their tales with exemplary patience, or use them to lull the jealous guardian till the elopement is ready. Some unknown caterer for English readers imported the choicest of these tales separately into their little books, and the "*Contes de Commère l'Oie*" alone seem to have continued in their unbroken condition. "*The White Cat*" — her previous and subsequent history judiciously shorn away — "*The Sleeping Beauty*," "*Beauty and the Beast*," and "*Puss in Boots*," "*Cinderella*," and "*Fortunio*," then took possession of the British mind in their present shape — the more completely, perhaps, for meeting with some old more homely forms of the same tradition, which it must have since absorbed. Poor authors were employed by the booksellers in the translation of these, or in original composition, and thus "*Goody*

Two Shoes" came forth as a bit of hack-work, but sparkling all over with brilliancy, a true grain of gold among the sand around her, and winning tender remembrances from many an admirer who never suspected her of being a chip from the wheel of a veritable Goldsmith (if the pun be allowed us). Do the present generation know Margery Two Shoes, and Tommy her brother? How well we remember our own old copy, a small square paper book, with a frontispiece in which Margery elaborately displayed her new-shod feet in the first position, and where the eagerness of the parish to receive her instructions must have been taken from Irish eagerness rather than English stolidity. Then there is a chapter fully worthy in its quiet humour, of "The Vicar of Wakefield," entitled "How the whole Parish was Frightened." "Who does not know Lady Ducklington, or who does not know how she was buried at this parish church?" Alas! in the last edition that fell into our hands, the ghost had been exorcised as a concession to the theory that children are never to hear of ghosts. Margery is by chance shut up in the church, and rings the bell to procure her release, but the disturbance is taken to be "Lady Ducklington's ghost dancing among the bells." "A ghost, you block-head," says Mr. Long in a pet, "did either of you ever see a ghost, or know anybody that did?" "Yes," says the clerk, "my father did once, in the shape of a windmill; and it walked all around the church in a white sheet, with jack-boots on, and had a gun by its side instead of a sword."

Margery's own account of her sensations is very simple and sweet, and stamps the authorship upon the tale.

Mr. Marshall, "at the corner of St Paul's Churchyard," commenced a manufacture of little books of which some have a real merit, independent of the curious pictures they give of manners. We know a few of them in a reprint already forty years old, and confess to still loving them much. There was the "Village School," to which the clergyman's farmers', and labourers' sons and daughters all came on perfect equality. Good Mrs. Bell does not scruple to put Miss Polly Right into a corner with a surreptitiously introduced doll's tea-chest suspended from her neck, though Mr. Right marches through the playground in shovel hat, wig, gown, and bands, looking the picture of ancient orthodoxy; and Roger Riot, the squire's son, is always far subordinate to the pattern Frank West, child of a cobbler, whose companion in perfection is

a young lady called Miss Jenny Meek, in long gloves, and a little flat shepherdess's hat. Was this a Utopia, or were village schools thus really universal and impartial? We suspect that they did in truth collect all those capable of payment, and that the children of the better classes frequented them, while the lowest class of all ran utterly wild.

The "Perambulations of a Mouse" was another favorite, in spite of language such as might be anticipated from the name. To say the truth, it is the only impossible autobiography we ever really relished. There was an exceeding charm in the first start in life of the four brother mice, Nimble, Long-tail, Brighteyes, and Softdown; and considerable pathos (at least to the infant mind) in the gradual diminution of the brotherhood, until Nimble remained the last, alone to tell his tale. And the conversations he overhears are related with such spirit, that one only longs to hear more of such interesting people. There is a dialogue between two little girls in bed on imaginary terrors of robbers, which is as good as anything we ever read; and another about fears of mice, which we did not appreciate the less because it is carried on between a nurse, in the act of undressing the baby, and the footman whom she has called in to destroy poor Softdown, already caught in a trap. We should like to know who was the author of the "Perambulations," for it certainly obtained the sort of lodgment in our mind that has generally been unconsciously taken possession of by works of real inherent talent. "Jemima Placid" had more renown, but we doubt if it were as good as the mouse. In recalling it, the old nurse's injunction always to pin up the hole at the top of a nightcap for fear of catching cold at it, is the prominent recollection; together with a story of a spur, which was applied by the Mentor of a family in every case of ill-manners or awkwardness. These three, and "Keeper's Travels," were, we believe, the *élite* of the St. Paul's Churchyard literature—with, perhaps, the addition of "Mrs. Teachem," a most grotesque picture of a young ladies' boarding-school; but to judge by their advertising lists, and by the notices in Mrs. Trimmer's "Guardian of Education," there must have been many more.

For the didactic age of youthful literature was fast setting in. Mrs. Trimmer was its parent in England, and her impulse probably came far more than she knew from Rousseau. Or it may be true that the religious woman, as well as the original thinker, both felt that tools were wanting

to them in forming the young mind, and simultaneously set the forge to work. Rousseau, indeed, did not personally write for the young, but his "Emile" set many pens going in France, Germany, and England, such as Berquin, Madame de Genlis, Kampe, and the Aikin, Day, and Edgeworth schools, while Mrs. Trimmer was soberly and earnestly working at her didactic works for the young. "The Rational Dame" is to modern eyes intolerably dull and dreary, and we are sensible of the famine that must have prevailed when we find that it was regarded with enthusiastic delight by the children of the last century, whose next step was into Goldsmith's "Animated Nature." Her "Fabulous Histories" have quite another charm: Robin, Dicky, Flapsy, and Pecksy, have real character, quite enough to carry the reader over all the long words in which the parent robins and their patrons indulge, and all the rigid "delicacy" that makes Mrs. Benson hesitate to allow her eleven years' old daughter to ascend three rounds of a ladder to look into the red-breast's nest four feet from the ground. We are glad to see them reproduced with beautiful illustrations.

Yet these were still counted as baby-books. In "Cælebs" we find that in the pattern family the children at eight years old have to resign *en masse* their story-books, and take to "such books as men and women read." The father inaugurates this stage with "John Gilpin;" and probably the "Spectator," Rollin and Goldsmith, Shakespeare, and Pope's "Homer," would have been Hannah More's staple reading for the young.

She herself was the real originator of books written exclusively for the poor, in the "Cheap Repository Tracts," which were called forth by her desire to arm the peasantry against the doctrines more or less alien at the time of the outbreak of the first French Revolution. Both she and her sister Patty were really masterly writers in this line, full of good sense, humour, and real insight into character. "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," though taken from an actual character named John Saunders, is a sort of Christian Arcadian, and "Black Giles the Poacher," "Tawny Rachel," and "Hester Wilnot" are capital readings to this day, though probably the change of manners would prevent persons of the class for which they were designed from caring for them. These tracts were not intended for children, but their simplicity and interest made them to be eagerly read by the young, especially when there was an absolute dearth of all interesting or comprehen-

sible "Sunday reading," except the "Pilgrim's Progress."

The tide of what we have called the Rousseau-inspired books was by this time setting into England. Perhaps one of the cleverest of them was by the German, C. S. Salzmann, translated, or perhaps more truly adapted, by Mary Wolstonecraft, under the strange name of "Elements of Morality." There must have been a strong flavour of genius about the book, for we, without possessing it, heard the traditions of it from the older generations that had been nurtured thereupon, and always regarded a reading of it as one of the pleasures of the houses where the ancestral copies still abode. What the German originals were we cannot tell, but they must have been much transmogrified, since the father of the family figured as Mr. Jones. We suspect that he was formal and prosy, but the noble art of skip carried us over all that, and the adventures were admirable, and indeed were the originals of many a subsequent story in other books. There was the boy bewildered in a wood (which we know must have been a German forest), seeing "gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire" in every bush, admirably given in the illustrations, until he is found by a virtuous curate, who takes him to his home, and regales him with simple fare and good advice. This curate must have been a regular German pastor, for the grateful Charles, going afterwards to make him a visit, finds the whole family prostrated by the small-pox, all in one room. There are the children left to spend a day after their own devices (an idea often repeated); and the horrid disaster of the boy who, kicking against a door, impaled his foot on a projecting nail. We well remember that in one of the two copies we had the occasional felicity of studying, there was a print of this unhappy being, on which we used to gaze with awed fascination; and there was also a miser in a ragged garment, and a benevolent Jew, whose forms impressed themselves on our imagination before our tenth year, though what part they played in the story is so entirely forgotten that probably it was beyond the childish comprehension. And well might these be so memorable, for the designer was no other than Blake, though then we little knew it. This first edition had, however, an objectionable preface, which we never attempted to read. It is odd that the almost coeval work, the "Swiss Family Robinson," did not find its way to England till many years later. It was written by Joachim Heinrich Kampe, tutor to Baron Humboldt; and one longs to know whether the pupil's spirit of

enterprise fired the tutor, or the tutor formed the pupil. The English edition is greatly and advantageously abbreviated. It has been one of the greatest of favorites, until Captain Marryat's nautical criticisms cruelly disclosed its absurdities. To be sure, when one comes to think of it, no one but a German could have thought it practicable to land the whole family in a row of washing tubs nailed together between planks, and the island did contain peculiar fauna and flora; but the book is an extremely engaging one for all that, and we decidedly would prefer reading it at this moment than the rather characterless "Masterman Ready" by which Marryat superseded it in the youthful library.

But we are anticipating. "The Swiss Robinson" was still in his native German, when Berquin's bright little tales and dramas, terse and rounded as only French powers could make them, were already widely spread. Many were transferred into an English book, pompously termed "The Looking Glass for the Mind." There figured the four sisters who quarrelled and retired, like the four bulls of fable, into the four corners of the room, but, unlike the bulls, made it up in peace, and never fell out again. There was the boy who rudely fumigated his father's tenant when he came to pay his rent, and was punished by being left behind when his sister was taken to the farm, and regaled with rural dainties. There was "the pert little vixen, whose name was Cleopatra," and whose ill-temper was suddenly cured by a visitor's remark, that a pair of moustaches would suit the fierceness of her countenance. There is the kind, bird-feeding girl, said to have been suggested by the example of Madame Helvétius. There, too, is the capital description of the little Caroline, who insisted on taking a country walk in the full fashionable dress of the period, including powdered hair, pea-green shoes with high heels, and the tightest possible of stays. The dramas, which are not translated in the "Looking Glass," but are so in the "Children's Friend," are likewise very pretty. There is a very droll one (lately reproduced among Warne's Victoria stories) of a little boy, whose longing for a sword is gratified on condition he never draws it. In a passion he breaks his promise; and brings to light a turkey's feather. The insolent airs of the young noble, and the cringing of his *roturier* guest, give us a lucid notion of the pre-Revolution manners.

Berquin's tales were suggestive to the Aikin family of their "Evenings at Home."

But the two collections remind us of the French criticism on our national gait, that while a French lady walks easily and gracefully, an Englishwoman always moves as if bent on hurrying somewhere. There is a light, laughing, good-humoured touch-and-go moral in *L'Ami des Enfants*, while every "Evening at Home" has its earnest purpose. Both alike steer so entirely clear of religion that no one could guess what creed was held by the authors of either; the nearest approach to the subject being in that chapter of the "Evenings" where the father says, pointing to the fainting woman whom every one of all parties ran to assist, "Here all men were made to agree," and to the various places of worship whence the assistants issued with, "here all men were made to differ." Every chapter conveyed some clearly defined bit of instruction, and in looking back at these little performances we are struck by the perfect precision and polish of language, even of the most simple, such as renders them almost as complete epigrams as *Æsop's* fables, and contrasts with the slovenly writing of the present day. Perhaps the most memorable of them are, "Transmigrations of Indur," the now almost proverbial "Eyes and No Eyes," and "The Travelers," an idea recurring in Mrs. Gatty's "Little Victims." The excellence of the two first of these has caused them to be included in the reading-books of the National School Society, where they will probably survive long after the other *Evenings* are forgotten. For somehow there was little to love in these well-written books; they had a certain bright coldness which extends to all Aikinism, except perhaps to Mrs. Barbauld's "Prose Hymns," in their odd metre, a sort of pious imitation of Macpherson's *Ossian*. These have lately re-appeared in all the charms of exquisite illustration, and if some were found to love them in pale type and russet binding, they ought to be the more admired in their present form; but, judging by ourselves, we do not think they could ever have been very dear to any one. Sentences in praise of the God of Nature may be very lovely, but the Christian heart yearns for a deeper touch of mystery and tenderness than Anna Lætitia Barbauld's tenets allowed her to give. Her *Easy Lessons* were a much more true success. "Little Charles," as every household tenderly calls "Early Lessons," displaced the earlier "Cobwebs to catch Flies," and probably three-fourths of the gentry of the three last generations have learnt to read by his assistance, in spite of

the comical-sounding, though highly experimental criticisms on him in Edgeworth's "Practical Education."

The Taylors of Ongar were an offshoot of the Aikin school, but deserve special mention as the best of the poets for childhood. Of hymn-writers, children have had only three really successful ones—Dr. Watts, at a much earlier period, Jane Taylor, and recently, Mrs. Alexander; and of these Jane Taylor was the least really able. Her *forte* lay in her secular poems, their astonishing simplicity without puerility, their pathos, and arch drollery. The incident of the little girl, in "Original Poems," who, seeing a lady in the towering head-dress of the period, exclaimed—

"What naughty tricks, pray, has she done  
That they have put that foolscap on?"

was, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck tells us, taken from herself. "Meddlesome Mattie" paying the penalty of a peep into grand-mamma's snuff-box; the

"Duck who had got such a habit of stuffing,  
That all the day long she was panting and puffing;"

the little boy who in his new nankeens, and "buttons bright as gold," fell into the embrace of a chimney-sweeper; the vain child who held herself to be "better than Jenny, my nurse," and is finally told,

"For 'tis in good manners, and not in good dress,  
That the truest gentility lies;"

are all fixed in our mind by the peculiarly lively lilt in the verse. We never enter Cavendish Square without recollecting how "little Ann and her mother were passing one day" in that direction, and the pathos must have been great in the sadder poems, for the only compositions that ever drew tears from us in childhood were "The Lamentation of Poor Puss," and the "Life and Adventures of poor Dog Tray," both of which we hated accordingly.

Rousseau had, as we said before, set people theorizing on education, and two more of his brood remain to be noticed. All were contemporary, but for the sake of convenience we will mention Madame de Genlis first. The extraordinary vanity of the woman has made her autobiography lower our estimate of her, and scarcely do her justice, for really, the governess who trained up Louis Philippe so exactly in the way he *did* go, could have had no common powers. To read of the young prince in the Chevalier de Roseville's correspondence in "Adèle et Théodore," and watch the career of the heir of Orleans, is really

enough to make one believe that human nature is the wax educational theorists would have us believe it. However, "Adèle et Théodore" is not a child's book. It was the "Veillées du Château" on which the authoress set her fame as a writer for children, so that she was firmly persuaded it was personal animosity that conferred the prize of the Academy by preference upon "Conversations d'Emilie." We confess to agreeing with the Academy so far, that ever since we could appreciate the delicate aroma of French wit and irony, we have infinitely more relished "Emilie" than M<sup>de</sup>. de Genlis's "Veillées," though a young child would, of course, like story better than mere dialogue. We suppose the book is hardly extant now, except where old juvenile libraries have been tenderly preserved, but it is worth reading for its freshness and grace, and the delicate refined banter with which the mother treats Emilie's little follies. The child's confused way of telling a story is drolly depicted, and so is her self-sufficiency in having learnt the three names, "Animal, vegetable, and mineral." There is a capital dialogue when Emilie comes in from the Tuilleries gardens immensely scandalized by a little girl whom she describes as attracting the attention of "*tout le monde*" by her airs and appreciation of her own *nœuds de manches*. *Tout le Monde* is reduced by the mother to two little girls and their *bonnes*, and Emilie's indignation is turned back on her own foibles most dexterously. Her desire to read her father's business letters is gratified by giving her an enormously long one from his notary, which when we *did* adventure to read it, we found full of curious complications of seigniorial rights, and which poor Emilie is forced to read aloud at full length, without pause, comment, cough, or sigh. Altogether, there is a dainty perfume about the whole that makes us wish that it could be more known, but it is too light and fine for children, and grown people would hardly take it up.

Success has certainly been with its rival, the "Veillées du Château." The three children, César, Caroline, and Pulchérie, were portraits of M<sup>de</sup>. de Genlis's own, the two girls by name; and the giddy but warm-hearted Pulchérie is so engaging that it is disappointing to know that her original was in after-life estranged from her mother. According to the fashion that had prevailed ever since the days of Boccaccio, there is story within story. The virtuous mother, Madame de Clémire, retires to spend the time of her husband's absence with her three children and their grandmother in the

country, in the dismal Chateau de Champcerry, where the wolves are said by the disconsolate maids to parade on the snow every winter night. Here the children are weaned from the Countess d'Aulnoy's fairy tales, by tales related in turn by their mother and grandmother. Delphine, the spoilt child, who was reformed by a residence in a cow-house, under the treatment of an excellent Swiss doctor—then really the fashionable cure for consumption; Eglantine, the excellently described indolent young lady, who was cured by losing her fortune; and the humble couple who built a house for themselves in the wood, are all excellent; and best of all is the story Madame de Clémire writes on being challenged to produce authentic wonders equaling those of fairyland. It somewhat reminds us of those school illustrations of natural phenomena, where rainbows, water-spouts, volcanoes, earthquakes, geysers, flood and fire, and all possible catastrophes, are represented as occurring on one square foot of paper, but the ingenuity is really wonderful. Alphonse, the frivolously educated son of a *parvenu* minister in Portugal, is interesting from his simplicity and wonderful proneness to get into scrapes. His father is first disgraced, and then loses all his property in the great earthquake of Lisbon, when poor Alphonse, by one of Madame de Genlis's touches of irony, perils his own life to save the false pedigree in which he devoutly believes, but leaves the jewels to their fate. Wandering subsequently about the country, Alphonse, while sentimentalizing at the fountain of Iñes de Castro, saves a beautiful young lady from a mad bull, which immediately after is demolished by a poisoned pin stuck into the nape of its neck by the fair Dalinda's father, the wise Thelismar. (The good lady's explanatory notes never mention how to stick your pin into your bull.) Desperate love for Dalinda is the consequence, and finding that Thelismar is a Swede, sent to travel on a scientific mission, Alphonse runs away from his father and follows him, in spite of beholding a meteor and of being caught in a bloodlike shower, and then stuck fast by the nails in his boots to a loadstone mountain, for which Madame de Clémire must really have gone to the Calendars with one eye. In spite of these slight obstacles he joins Thelismar, and obtains leave to accompany him, but in the meantime the fair daughter has been sent back to Sweden. It is too long to relate how all wonders of nature and art combine to persecute or amaze Alphonse; how he gets nearly murdered in a cave of the Guanches, and is almost

drowned by an inundation in the Azores; how the "guide, Indicator, shows him the road" to a bees' nest, and the grotto of Policandro dazzles him with its native sculpture and jewellery; how automatons draw and play to rebuke his conceit, and pistols go off when he tampers with the locks of drawers; how Thelismar repeats Franklin's experiments with lightning, and becomes perfectly intolerable by his cool superiority on all occasions; until at last Alphonse's poor old father is discovered—of all places in the world—at the bottom of the silver mines of Dalecarlia; there is a general forgiveness and a happy ending. It is a very amusing and instructive story, allowing for the century of subsequent discovery, and Policandro still is invested in our imagination with a charm derived therefrom. M<sup>de</sup> de Genlis made use of somewhat the same notion in a much less known work, where in one story the hero's eyes became microscopes, and spiders, flies, moss, &c. appear in distressing detail and proportion—an idea since repeated in "Good Words for the Young."

The fault of the "Veillées du Chateau" is that the latter volumes go quite beyond the reach of children. Even in the earlier ones, "Olympe et Théodore" is neither very comprehensible to children, nor very edifying, if it were, except as an example of the use of the *lettre de cachet* against a contumacious son, so late in French society. Even the ever-memorable "Palais de la Vérité," capital as is the idea, is really a satire on the untruthfulness of the fashionable society and the court, on the outskirts of which Madame de Genlis lived. It could hardly be otherwise. The young, "whose thought is speech, and speech is truth," would have suffered little in the halls where each person's carefully-framed words were forced unknown to themselves to express their real mind, where coquettes explained perforce the object of every pretty air, and flatterers complacently uttered the broadest personalities. And, most comical and ironical notion, the only person protected by a natural bulwark from being wounded by these home truths, or even from hearing them, is an author reading aloud his works. To what order of beings the owner of the palace, le Génie Phanor, may be thought to belong, we are perfectly unable to say. Whether he be a classical *genius* or a Persian *djinn*—or, as his production of a drama would lead us to suppose, a *genius* in the modern sense of the word—no one can say; but he has a queen wife and daughter, and his affection has been contended for by various fairies spiteful and

beneficent. It is quite possible that he was a portrait of some character at that time extant at Paris. Two other stories in the same volume, one of a kind of mock Arcadia, the other of the quarrels of French academicians, are perfectly unreadable from sheer dullness. Madame de Genlis did much better for children in her later work, "Les petits Emigrés," though even there she could not resist the temptation of running off into a novel. These were the last contributions of France to English child-literature for many a year, with the exception of Madame le Prince de Beaumont's quaint volumes of dialogues, the "Magasins des Enfants, des Adolescents, et des Dames," where the conversations are between *English* young ladies and a French governess, and very good conversations they are, though nobody reads them now. French masters and governesses uniformly discourage the reading of pre-Revolution books, as being antiquated in style, instead of perceiving that the composition of that period was far superior to the present — which in general deals in far more free and easy and unidiomatic writing.

But while no one in France could do more than watch aghast the fearful march of public events, the quickened spirit of thought in England was in full activity. Children, as far as common sense would allow, were being brought up on the Rousseau system; R. L. Edgeworth tried it on one of his sons, and found it in its full completeness such a failure that the son was allowed to drop out of sight. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck weathered it by her own strong warm nature; and Thomas Day, after capturing two girls, to afford him a choice of a wife, brought up on the most perfect plan of simplicity in habits and cultivation of intellect, found one break down from native dullness, and cast off the other when on the point of marrying her, because she turned out too sophisticated to wear an unfashionable dress.

As we know, Felix Graham tried the same experiment with Mary Snow in our own day, just as Miss Edgeworth had portrayed the like attempt and failure on the part of Clarence Harvey in her novel of "Belinda." Her "Forester," the uncouth original youth in "Moral Tales," is we believe a far truer likeness of Day than the fine gentleman Clarence, only for the sake of the moral Forester had to be tamed, and Day never was. He is best known as the author of "Sandford and Merton," once a child's classic standing next to "Robinson Crusoe," and really containing much that is very charming, though mixed with much

queer unsatisfactory stuff of the theorist-author. Miss Zornlin has of late years tried to weed it, but it is one of those books that there is no paring down — they must stand or fall all together; and we doubt if many of the present young generation have ever had enterprise enough to learn how Tommy Merton tried sledging with a kitchen chair and the big dog — how Harry Sandford piloted him across the heath by the aid of the pole-star, and saved him from the violence of a baited bull: another strange trait of past manners. There is another tale of Day's, much less celebrated but very effective, called "Little Jack," where a foundling is nursed by a goat, reared by an old man on a common, becomes first a blacksmith, then a soldier, is cast on a desert coast and taken prisoner by the Tartars, when his genius in saddlery raises him to high favour with the Khan, and he finally comes home a rich man, and builds a house on the original common. Probably Mr. Day meant to inculcate the advantages of the beautiful simplicity of Jack's nurture, but the story was to us a mere charming tissue of enterprise and adventure, and conveyed no lesson of democracy.

Our copy of "Little Jack" was the first in a volume named "The Children's Miscellany," a sort of prevision of an annual, and containing likewise, besides an unreadable history of the world, and "John Gilpin," the story of "Philip Quarl," by Defoe — a desert island story, in which a cast-away sailor was solaced by a delightful monkey; and a very clever story of a child-queen who, being despotic, banishes all insects because a wasp stung her, and then finds she can have neither honey nor silk; and when she is incommoded by the leaves, has them all stripped off and their place supplied by rose-coloured gauze. A general rebellion is caused, and her father returns to the rescue. We remember, too, a "Spoilt Child," who was taught to read an alphabet of spun sugar, and allowed to eat every letter he knew; then cured of cruelty by the dreadful warning of Charles the Ninth's history; and recreated with historical anecdotes of Damon and Pythias, Alcander and Septimius — one of the latter of whom got into trouble by *firing a pistol* in a robber's cave. But the books of the last century, with their dim type, long *s*, and united *ct*, were already scarce in our time; and perhaps the last of the period was a French story, published by subscription in England, (how we used to wonder at the list of names!) called "*Le Souterrain*," where Gabrielle and Angélique, two

young ladies whose parents were in trouble in the Revolution, spent seven years in a cavern, and were finally discovered there in a grand *tableau*, playing on the harp and the *clavecin*, both dressed in white muslin, and *jouchées* with rose-leaves. How beautiful we thought it, and how little we concerned ourselves with the salubrity of the *Souterrain*!

But that age of sentiment and improbability was waning, and with the nineteenth century reason came into the nursery, and with it realism and purpose strong; and before entering on the didactic school we pause.

From The Spectator.

CHARLOTTE DE LA TREMOILLE, COUNTESS OF DERBY.\*

[SECOND NOTICE.]

BESIDES the defence of Lathom House by the Countess of Derby, the chief points in the family history during the Civil Wars are the chivalrous devotion of the Earl to the Royal cause, notwithstanding the discouragements and insults he received from the King and counsellors; the slaughter in cold blood of several hundred Puritans at the taking of Bolton, at the order, it is said, of the Earl, — though he himself earnestly denies this, — and his arbitrary government of the Isle of Man, where he abolished the old tenures and liberties of the islanders, throwing those who resisted into prison. Here one at least of his victims, Edward Christian, lingered from 1643 to 1650, when he died (in Peel Castle). We cannot follow the fortunes of the Earl and Countess in detail, but one curious illustration of their character must not be omitted. The vehement antagonism of the Earl to the Parliament caused him to be named in their Propositions for Peace among the exceptions to the general amnesty. In March, 1647, we find the Countess at Chelsea, trying to negotiate with the House of Peers to omit the Earl's name, he giving her written authority that "whatever she might do for his submission to Parliament he would subscribe to." The Lords did ultimately omit the name, and the Parliament, without any concession in acts on the Earl's part, settled on his children for their personal maintenance a fifth of their father's revenue, and two of

the daughters were sent to Knowsley by the Earl. The Countess returned to her husband in the Isle of Man in March, 1648, and the Earl was summoned in 1649 by Ireton to surrender the island, with a promise of restoration of the remainder of his estates. But he returned a haughty and insulting reply, threatening if more messages were sent he would burn the paper and hang the bearer. This defiance is dated July 22nd, and on the 27th we find the Countess writing to her sister-in-law, "I believed, as you did, that our business [the pardon of her husband] was accomplished, and the person who had hitherto managed it brought us the news, with the congratulations natural in the circumstances. His stay here was only for a few days, but when he got back to England, he found everything in worse condition than ever, and some of our estates already given away — a thing which has never yet been done. No reason was given for this alteration, but I hear it was occasioned by petitions full of false representations having been presented to Parliament by low people, and although numbers know and say how false are these statements, they will not hear reason." "The only cause of their ill-will to us," she adds, "is their desire to have this island, and when they have got us into their power, to take our lives and our property. My wish is to be protected by some foreign state or prince." This letter, taken in connection with the Earl's defiance, gives some idea of the thorough wrong-headedness of both husband and wife where their personal interests were concerned, and the one explains and gives a very different significance to the other. Their daughters continued to live unmolested, and maintained a good position at Knowsley.

The Countess frequently pours forth her horror at the strange doctrines put forth in England, and her dread of the growth of the Catholic power. In one letter she adds, "There is a sorcerer now in prison in Edinburgh, who affirms that he was present when Cromwell renounced his baptismal vow." In June, 1650, she has to announce the removal from Knowsley and detention of her daughters in "a small town called Liverpool," by the Governor, "a man of the name of Birch." The reason, she hears, is that "they are thought to be too much liked, and that people were beginning to make application to the Parliament, in the hope that their father might come to terms, of which I see no chance." The young ladies appealed to Fairfax, who wrote to the Earl that if he would surrender

\* *The Lady of Latham; being the Life and Original Letters of Charlotte de la Tremoille, Countess of Derby.* By Madame Guizot de Witt. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1889. *Living Age*, 1313.

the Isle of Man his children should be released, and he himself be allowed to return to England and enjoy a moiety of his estate. But the Earl once more refused, though in a less arrogant and more manly style. The cause of the King of Scots appeared just then to be prospering in Scotland. About this time the young Lord Strange's marriage took place, and he still further angered his father and mother by going over from Holland to England, at the instance of his friends, and trying to negotiate for himself, intending, as he says, that his father should enjoy the recovered property in his name.

Then came the unfortunate expedition of the Earl himself to England in 1651. There is a little note in the *Tanner Papers* in the Bodleian Library (published in *Carey's Memorials of the Civil Wars*), written from the Isle of Man at this time, by the Earl's eldest surviving daughter, Lady Henriette-Marie Stanley, in her father's name, to one of his officers, Sir Thomas Tilsley, which may, perhaps, be acceptable to readers of Madame de Witt's volume, as proceeding from one of the Stanley family circle, and as a specimen of young-lady letter-writing in the seventeenth century:—

"Sir, — Not a minute since, as I was passing the bridge I met with your letter, and do not a little admire your goodness, when I consider so great an indisposition was not capable to divert you from so troublesome an employment. Nothing can please me better than to hear from you my lord's gallant resolutions; they are so well seconded by you, and the rest of the noble persons with him, that I do not doubt of a happy success in all your enterprises, though the wind is so unmercifully cruel. I am just now told it begins to be fair, which makes me believe this will not reach you, and that I have in some part acquitted myself of what I owe you, without exposing to your view the absurdities of

Sir, your affectionate servant,

HENRIETTE MARIE STANLEY.

August 11, 1651.

"My lady commands me to assure you of her service. Mine, I beseech you, Sir, to Colonel Roscarrock and Mr. Tilsley Sandes. Let the first know that I am sorry that any of my concerns should give him the least trouble; whereof I desire him to forget the book, and only remember how much I am his servant."

The Earl alludes pleasantly to his young secretary in a letter to Sir Thomas on the following day. "Since my wife and I commanded our dear daughter to be our secretary, I have observed the wind to turn fair."

The Earl, it is well known, was defeated

while gathering forces in Lancashire, made his way to Worcester just in time to share in that disastrous battle, and was captured in his flight, and executed at Bolton. Madame de Witt, however, and other biographers of the family, seem unacquainted with the letter (now in the Bodleian Library) which he wrote to the Speaker of the Parliament, with the view of averting his fate; so we give it from *Carey's Memorials*:—

"Sir, — Being now, by the will of God, for aught I know, brought to the last minutes of my life, I once more humbly pray the Parliament will be pleased to hear me before my death.

"I plead nothing in vindication of my offences, but humbly cast myself down at the Parliament's feet, begging their mercy. I have several times addressed my humble petitions for life, and now again crave leave to submit myself to their mercy, with assurances that the Isle of Man shall be given up to such as the Parliament entrust to receive it; with this further engagement (which I shall confirm by sureties), that I shall never act or endeavour anything against the established power of this nation, but end my days in prison or banishment, as the House shall think fit.

"Sir, it is a greater affliction to me than death itself, that I am sentenced to die at Bolton; so that the nation will look upon me as a sacrifice for that blood which some have unjustly cast upon me, and from which I hope I am acquitted in your opinions and the judgment of good men, having cleared myself by undeniable evidence.

"Indeed, at my trial it was never mentioned against me, and yet they adjudge me to suffer at Bolton, as if indeed I had been guilty. I beg a respite for my life upon that issue, that if I do not acquit myself from that imputation, let me die without mercy.

"But, sir, if the Parliament have not this mercy for me, I humbly pray the place appointed for my death may be altered; and that if the Parliament think it not fit to give me time to live, they will be pleased to give me time to die, in respiting my life for some time, whilst I may fit myself for death; since thus long I have been persuaded by Colonel Duckenfield the Parliament would give me my life.

"Sir, I submit myself, my family, wife, and children to the mercy of Parliament; and shall live or die,

"Sir, your contented and humble servant,

"October 11, 1651.

DERBY.

"Sir, I humbly beg the favour that the petition of a dying man, here inclosed, may by your favour be read in the House."

Of course we lay no stress on the abjectness of this submission. Such documents are often found, written at the entreaty, if not dictation, of relatives and friends, and

giving no true impression of the character of the supposed author. We only give this one as a companion and set-off to the foolish bragging letter to Ireton. Neither expresses the true character of the Earl, a brave and honourable, though somewhat wrong-headed and violent man.

The Countess, after her husband's death, still tried to hold out the Isle of Man against the Parliament, but was obliged to surrender, the islanders, as might be expected, rising against her. "It has been said and printed everywhere," Madame de Witt remarks, "that the Countess was kept a prisoner in an unhealthy dwelling in the Isle of Man; that she there lost two of her children; and that she was not released from captivity till the Restoration of Charles II. So far from this being the case, we see, from the indisputable evidence of her own letters, that although poor and deprived of all the luxuries natural to her rank, she was at least free, living in London, demanding justice and, in a measure, obtaining it; sending her son to Paris, with suitable attendants, and marrying her daughters in a rank worthy their birth." Our young letter-writer, Lady Henriette-Marie, married the son of the celebrated Earl of Strafford. It is only justice to the Countess to state that though she could endure nothing short of a great match, she confined herself to a negative on unsuitable proposals. Speaking of the Earl of Atholl as a most desirable suitor for her youngest daughter's hand, she writes to her sister-in-law, "I do not yet know your niece's opinion of him. She is so obedient and gentle that I know she will do what I wish; but I would desire nothing that she disliked. God will direct me for her good." On the other hand, when her eldest son engaged in Sir George Booth's unsuccessful Royalist rising on the eve of the Restoration, and was thrown into prison, the Countess Dowager exerted herself in his behalf, took charge of his children, but still never could forgive his *mésalliance*.

Our limits prevent our noticing the brief life of the Countess after the Restoration, — how the old love of Court gaieties and Court position re-awoke in her breast to a curious extent, how she managed matters in the difficult question of the marriage of the Duke of York with Anne Hyde, and how she, like so many others, felt, for the moment at least, quite repaid by Charles II. for all her loyal devotion by a most gracious visit from the King himself. She had no share in the trial and execution of William Christian in the Isle of Man, which was the disgraceful act of her son the Earl; but we

are afraid her own spirit was too much in harmony with his on such subjects, if we may judge from the following remarks in one of her letters: — "I am engaged, dear sister, in pursuing the pretended judges of monsieur, my late husband, and I hope to have justice on them, which I do not desire so much for my own satisfaction as to draw God's blessing on the King and his people, by the punishment of those who spilt that dear and innocent blood with so much cruelty. I have already made some progress in the matter, and I hope to-morrow to have the issue as I desire it. I leave all to God, and I shall, at least, have the consolation of having done my duty. Many who have undergone similar losses have followed my example."

Such in the strength and weakness of her character was Charlotte de la Trémoille, and we sincerely thank Madame de Witt for having placed in our hands the means of obtaining such an interesting insight into that character.

---

From The Spectator.

THE RATIONALE OF SOME EXCEPTIONAL GENDERS.

THERE is probably no man of middle age who, if it has happened to him to come upon the contemporary records of some long past transaction relating to himself, — say, an old bundle of letters laid by for years, — has not been struck by differences, sometimes considerable, between his present memory of the facts and the actual evidence of them. Without the slightest intention to think or say anything but the truth, he finds that he has insensibly swerved from it, both in thought and in the accounts which he may have given of the facts to others. Eye or ear-witness though he may have been, he has, without being aware of it, grown to give witness neither from eye nor ear, but from a mistaken "inner consciousness." It is not, however, of this kind of unwitting false testimony that we purpose to speak, arising as it does mainly from what may be called the attrition of time upon ordinary memory. Nor shall we dwell on those singular cases, with which we are probably all familiar, in which some inherent defect of mental power absolutely incapacitates a person from giving a correct account of any matters involving more than the very simplest elements of action, — a phenomenon not entirely confined to ladies, though certainly most familiar among them. Such persons, it may be said, never see any facts

whatever, but only their own views of them. They may be earnest, sincere, abhorrent of all deceit and falsehood, and yet perfectly untrustworthy.

But there is, again, a form of witness "from the inner consciousness,"—confined, it would seem, by the nature of its phenomena, to ear-witnesses—which turns upon a much more subtle mental process, and which is so strikingly illustrated by two works now before the public, that it seems worth while to bestow a few words upon it. Thus, a writer whose book was lately reviewed in these pages, Mr. Albert Bickmore, in a very exciting account of a fight with an escaped python on board ship, which closes his volume, relates that a French sailor, speaking of the fugitive monster's empty cage, said, "*Le serpent n'est pas encore, pas encore!*" Any one at all familiar with French, must know that the Frenchman, if there were a Frenchman, never said any such thing, if he said anything at all; that if, as would appear, he meant to convey to the narrator the fact that the python was "no more" inside the cage, he must have used the words "*Le serpent n'y est plus.*" And inasmuch as the sensational nature of the incident contrasts strangely with the general tameness of Mr. Bickmore's narrative, and the quasi-heroic point of view in which it shows him to us, with that in which the rest of his book exhibits him, the conclusion to which one might be led by a gross and palpable inaccuracy of this description might be that the whole story was mythical; and the present writer must admit that such a conclusion was at first his own.

Oddly enough, however, another work of the present season, in which the author's scrupulousness is not to be suspected, offers instances by the dozen of similar false witness in matter of language. We speak of Sir Neil Campbell's *Napoleon at Fontainebleau and Elba*. Sir Neil Campbell was an officer of the highest character, as brave as steel, and as true, who lost his life in the attempt "to cleanse the Augean stable"—as it was termed forty-two years ago—of the Sierra Leone Government; whose disposition—fully reflected in the portrait prefixed to the volume—was, by the testimony of an old friend and playfellow, "anxious, zealous, I may add, *fidgety*." Yet this anxious, zealous, *fidgety* man, of an integrity above all suspicion, noting down for himself, under the gravest moral responsibility, the words of one who but yesterday was almost the master of the world, puts repeatedly into the mouth of Napoleon words and phrases which it is as certain as

that day follows night and night day that Napoleon never uttered. The very first French sentence that he quotes from the latter's lips involves a gross blunder against the genius of the language. The fallen Emperor praises Ossian's poems to the Highlander, and says, "*Je les aime beaucoup, car il y a quelque chose tres guerrière;*" the French locution, as every Woolwich cadet nowadays should know, would be, "*Quelque chose de très-guerrier,*" while such expressions as "*là-dedans*" seems to be wanting. The second quotation is equally false. Napoleon is related to have said of the Portuguese, "*C'est un peuple de beaucoup de caractère; vous avez bien tiré votre parti là.*" The latter words are excruciatingly un-French. The editor translates, "You have acted your part well there," adding blunder to blunder. The words must have been, "*Vous en avez bien tiré parti,*"—"You made good use of them." So it goes on through page after page, scarcely a single French phrase noted down from conversation being capable of acceptance as genuine. Sometimes English words are introduced bodily, as when at Elba Napoleon is represented as saying of the Princess Charlotte, "*Vous avez le prospect d'une belle reine,*" the feminine "*perspective*" being the only corresponding French word. In short, from one end of his journal to the other, honest, truthful Sir Neil Campbell has persistently borne verbal false witness of the extraordinary man who had been committed to his charge.

Now, the fact is that, probably in Mr. Bickmore, and certainly in Sir Neil Campbell, we have before us crucial instances of a curious psychological process, by which a man comes—not by lapse of time, but whilst the facts are fresh in his memory—not through some peculiar inability to retain them, but simply through a want of proportion, as it were, between memory and antecedent knowledge,—to bear witness, not of what he heard, but of what he thought he heard; and in such a case it will be seen that the witness's departure from accuracy may even be in exact proportion to his earnest desire for truth, if not accompanied with adequate knowledge. Napoleon's sayings, as noted down by Sir Neil Campbell, are in form but the latter's mental retranslations into French of what he understood Napoleon to say translated into English. At the time, no doubt, Sir Neil's mind was intently fixed on the thorough comprehension of every word that fell from the lips of one who, indeed, was noted for his rapid utterance. But when he tried to reproduce the words, it was only the sense of them that remained

in his own mind, and this now clothed itself unconsciously to himself in his own Anglo-French. Without being aware of it, he is ear-witnessing not from memory, but from "his inner consciousness." And so Mr. Bickmore, looking for his python, understood, no doubt, well enough at the time the words "*il n'y est plus*," but only retained in his mind their sense (the actual words being, as it were, scared out of his mind by the intensity of his feelings), and then had to translate this back into such French of "Stratford-atte-Bowe," or any other cis or trans-Atlantic nursery of the like exotics, as he alone had command of.

The bearing of a mental process of this description is, indeed, not confined to the field of evidence. We believe that such instances as those of Mr. Bickmore or Sir Neil Campbell supply in many cases a clue (not indeed pointed out here for the first time) to one of the most obscure phenomena of philology, that of changes of gender in a derivative language from the one it is the child of. Compare, for instance, French and Latin. Beyond all question, the former is in the main derived from the latter. Beyond all question, French genders habitually follow Latin. Yet a certain number of words occur in French which, unaccountably so far as the language itself is concerned, depart from the Latin gender of their primaries. *Eur*, corresponding to the Latin *or*, is generally a masculine termination. Why, then, does the masculine *pavor* become feminine in *peur*? Why is the example followed in *color*—*couleur*,—*dolor*—*douleur*, and many other names indicating generally quality or feeling? Why does the masculine *flos* become in like manner *la fleur*, whilst the feminine *arbor* becomes the masculine *arbre*, and the masculine gender becomes similarly characteristic of almost all the French specific names of trees, though derived from Latin feminines,—*le saule* from *salix*, *le pin* from *pinus*, &c., &c.? Why does the habitual feminine termination *été* become masculine in *l'été* though from the feminine *æstas*? Why is *aigle* habitually masculine, except when used in reference to military standards?

Turn to an ordinary German Dictionary, and it may lead to the solution of the puzzle. In almost every case of discrepancy of gender between a Latin noun and its French derivative, the gender of the French will be found to be that of the German. Nouns of quality and feeling in German are generally feminine; hence *die Furcht* may

explain *la peur*, *die Farbe*, *la couleur*, *die Pein*, *la douleur*. The feminine *Blume* corresponds to *la fleur*, the masculine *Baum*, to *l'arbre*, and the influence of this has extended to the specific names of trees, although, curiously enough, these are generally feminine in German, when not compounded with *Baum* itself. *Der Sommer* interprets the masculine *été*. *Aigle* has taken the masculine of *Adler* in ordinary parlance, but retains the feminine of *aquila* in the domain of what may be termed special Roman tradition.

Now the explanation of these curious discrepancies, on the one hand, and analogies on the other (many other instances of which could be supplied) is surely this, that the Teutonic conquerors of the age of barbaric invasion,—too few to impose their language as such upon the Latin-speaking Gauls,—compelled to learn the actual Latin names of most things,—yet involuntarily thought their own old language into the new one, assigning, for instance, to the things themselves the same genders which they were previously used to apply to them. But since the Teuton was the master, the gender he chose to give to words became the master's gender, and it grew to be, as a Hindoo would say, part of "master's caste" to use it. And although the effect was not universal, the cases we have quoted show that it was not unfrequent. That the Teutonic gender was in reality an aristocratic solecism is perhaps best shown by the curious instance of the word *amour*, which remained epicene in both numbers till the age of Louis XIV., and in the plural is still poetically feminine. *Die Minne* or *Die Liebe* surely explains this anomaly, which,—inasmuch as poetical French is mainly feudal,—denotes the lingering of the Teutonic influence among the aristocracy at a time when it had quite died out in the mass of the people.

We seem to have been straying from our subject, and yet the connection remains a close one. Many a Frenchman will have his laugh over poor Sir Neil Campbell making the great Napoleon speak of "*le prospect*." But if Sir Neil Campbell, instead of being a worthy Highlander of the nineteenth century, had been a fierce Frankish conqueror of the fifth or sixth, his subjects might have had to learn to say "*le prospect*" whether they chose it or no. The weight of the will-element in philology has never yet been determined.